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V. S. Pritchett on Ivy Compton-Burnett

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The Dark Clouds of Rhetoric

GREAT oratory can either obscure or illuminate a crisis. On Tuesday, Sir Winston chose to darken counsels by concealing under the majestic clouds of his rhetoric the real dangers which face this country. After duly describing the horrors of the nuclear age, he gave his authority to the delusion that for the next three or four years war is unlikely to break out owing to the overwhelming Western superiority in thermo-nuclear weapons. Our most important contribution to peace, he concluded, would be whatever addition we could make to the deterrent power of the American strategic air force.

> We should aid them in every possible way. I will not attempt to go into details, but it is known that bases have been and are being established in as many parts of the world as possible . . . not only must the nuclear superiority of the Western Powers be stimulated in every possible way, but the means of delivery of bombs must be expanded, improved and varied.

This conception of security reveals a terrifying refusal to face the real facts. In the first place—as Sir Anthony Eden discovered last April when he talked to Mr. Dulles and Admiral Radford in Paris about Dien Bien Phu—the chief danger of world war at this moment lies in the Pentagon. Just because the American Chiefs of Staff realise that the period of Western nuclear ascendancy is rapidly running out, they are urgently pressing President Eisenhower to strike before it is too late. Sir Winston spoke for forty-five minutes without even mentioning this danger.

He was equally evasive about a second peril which faces us in Europe. The Nato Council last December decided to proceed with the supply of tactical atomic weapons to the forces under General Gruenther; and Paragraph 22 of the Defence White Paper strongly suggests that the British Government is now fully committed to the use of nuclear weapons to repel a conventional attack. Sir Winston avoided giving any answer to the question whether he has indeed committed this country to this strategy of national suicide. Yet he must realise that ambiguity on this issue, though convenient to politicians who do not want to shock the British public, greatly increases the risk of war in Europe; just as American ambiguity about the defence of the off-shore Chinese islands is enormously increasing the danger that world war may start in the Pacific.

In the third place Sir Winston tried to conceal the fact that in four years' time—on his own showing—the position of strength which the West has been vainly trying to build will have finally crumbled away. If we wait till then, it will be Russia that will have achieved a position of overwhelming strength. In fact, the more time passes, the weaker the negotiating position of the West becomes. Therein lies the risk that the Pentagon will persuade the White House to resort to the desperate fling of exploiting nuclear superiority in a preventive war before the odds turn against the West.

This is the lesson which the Labour Party should hammer home inside and outside Parliament. It will be tragic if it allows an internal conflict about the British H-bomb to distract it from an even greater issue. What really matters is the role of British policy in the four-year period ahead. The Labour Party must repudiate Sir Winston's view that this period is relatively safe and that we can best achieve peace by resting on the nuclear strength of the West. It must urge that Britain should repeat on a world scale what was done at Geneva. We must be ready to open discussions on the neutralisation of a united Germany and a settlement in Asia *even if, as at Geneva, the U.S. refuses active participation.* The policy of complacent postponement advocated by Sir Winston will sooner or later present the Western Powers with a choice between world war and world surrender. It is the Labour Party's responsibility to ensure that Britain acts in time and by its initiative saves the Western world from having to face this desperate dilemma.

Mr. Butler's Disinflation

It is too soon yet to judge whether the disinflationary steps which the Chancellor took last week will work—still less, what their ultimate effects may be. He has creamed the froth off the Stock Exchange: though the *Financial Times* index of industrial share values has rallied, after its immediate fall, to a point about 35 per cent. higher than a year ago, the creation of inflated—and spendable—paper profits has been curbed. What about the economy as a whole? By raising Bank Rate to 4½ per cent. and reimposing moderate restrictions on hire purchase, Mr. Butler clearly hopes to reduce the pressure of domestic consumption on supplies and, indirectly, to release more resources for export. If his "correctives" are to work, they must lessen activity in some consumer trades; indeed, the new rules for "never never" may have a fairly quick reaction in, for instance, the furniture industry. Moreover, in the long run, dear money is bound to act as a disincentive to new capital investment and hence, in the still longer run, must create unemployment. On the other hand, if the recent deterioration in the terms of trade is a passing phenomenon, and the market in partly free sterling improves as a result of the Bank's various operations, the Chancellor can readily re-inject a stimulus into Britain's economy long before people begin to lose their jobs in any appreciable numbers. Even if Bank rate remained at, say, 4 per cent., in order to retain floating foreign balances in London, a fillip to industry could easily be given by tax concessions.

Socialists and the Chancellor

What should the Socialist line of approach be to Mr. Butler's "new look"? The Opposition is clearly entitled to argue that a penal Bank rate is a wasteful method of correcting the balance of foreign payments: it increases the burden of the National Debt, the cost of Local Authority borrowing and the price of new houses. It is also arguable that Britain's economy was insufficiently stable to withstand the dose of Conservative "freedom" to which Mr. Butler treated it—though the Chancellor may retort that he only completed a process of scrapping controls which the Labour Government had begun. Mr. Gaitskell, in Monday's *Daily Herald*, charged impetuously into the fray against Mr. Butler, whose "awful statement," last Thursday, was an admission of "crisis" from which a Tory administration was unlikely to extricate us. This forecast of disaster may be borne out by events; but—apart from the questionable wisdom of prematurely proclaiming a "crisis" whose effects, so far, have been confined to speculative investors—it is, we repeat, a little rash yet to be certain that economic fortune may not yet favour the Tories. Mr. Butler and the men who hold power in the City are not amateurs in operating the capitalist system—or in playing politics. Moreover, given the present free economy, it may fairly be asked what Labour critics of the Chancellor would do in the present situation. Leave interest rates untouched until the reimposition of import and other economic controls became inevitable? A deliberately planned economy, with physical controls, is to the Socialist infinitely preferable to dear money. But, as a general election approaches, we still await information about the sort of controls on which the leaders of the Labour Party would choose to rely in preference to Mr. Butler's manipulation of Bank rate.

The Battle of the Gaza Strip

On the evidence so far available, it looks as though the pitched battle fought by Israeli and Egyptian units well inside the Gaza Strip was the result of an Israeli retaliation raid, like the notorious attack on Qilya. Coming, as it does, ten days after David Ben Gurion's return to the Cabinet as Minister of Defence, it will shock those who had hoped that he would give his support to Mr. Sharett's moderate policies and frown on the kind of Activism advocated by Mr. Lavon. No one will deny that Israel has been sorely provoked recently by a whole series of Egyptian actions, including the hanging of the two Jews found guilty in the Cairo spy trial, the retention of the Israeli ship seized in the Suez Canal, and an outbreak of organised infiltration across the (unmarked) demarcation line which separates the 200,000 Arab refugees in the Gaza Strip from Israeli territory. These warlike Egyptian actions have been accompanied by a whole series of bellicose speeches. All the same, if this was indeed a retaliation raid conducted by the Israeli army, we can only regard it as untimely and unwise. Mr. Eric Johnson is just on the point of publishing his plan for sharing the Jordan water between Israel and her neighbours, and the chance of its being accepted is now small. Indeed, the only possible result of this kind of incident is to reunite the Arab politicians who have been thrown into disarray by the dispute over the Turkish-Iraqi Treaty.

The Senate and the Treaty

There is no reason to suppose that M. Mendès-France was displeased by his late lieutenant, M. Faure's, decision to form a Right-wing administration: a Government which continued *la politique mendésiste sans Mendès* would have been much more dangerous for his future; and, with M. Pinay at the Foreign Office, the ex-Premier now has an unexpected chance of getting off his shoulders the embarrassing liability of being known as "the man for German rearmament." He can now protest that he had always linked ratification of the Paris Agreements with Four-Power negotiations, and that, having no confidence in M. Pinay's ability to conduct such negotiations, he can no longer vote in favour of the Treaty. This makes the whole future of the Agreements in France highly precarious. In December, Mendès-France secured a vote for ratification, thanks partly to the tacit acquiescence of General de Gaulle, but mainly to his own influence over the Left. If the Agreements were to be remitted by the Senate to the Assembly, they would have little chance of passing without Mendès-France's support and in face of the probable opposition, this time, of the Gaullists. M. Faure will therefore try to get the Senate to vote the Agreements without amendment. But Senators may be reluctant to compromise themselves over German rearmament before the May elections.

TUNIS

"This Providential Drought"

Our Paris Correspondent writes from Tunis: The new French Government evokes a wave of pessimism among Nationalist circles in Tunis. Although M. Faure's investiture speech referred to a "continuation of the policies laid down by the previous government in North Africa," it was studiously vague as to the way in which the present Franco-Tunisian negotiations are to be concluded. The composition of the Cabinet has caused particular apprehension. True, three of the principal Ministers—M. Faure himself, M. Robert Schuman and M. Pinay—are known to be well disposed towards the moderate wing of the Tunisian Nationalists, and in particular to M. Ben Ammar, the Prime Minister; but all three have in the past sacrificed their personal convictions to the North African lobby.

M. Schuman was the Minister responsible for Tunisian affairs when the disastrous "rectifying letter" of December 15, 1951—which lies at the origin of the present tension—was dispatched to the Bey. M. Pinay, as Prime Minister, approved the savage repressive measures of M. de Hauteclocque, the most hated Resident-General in the Protectorate's history. And M. Faure was one of the Ministers who sanctioned the Moroccan *coup d'état* of August, 1953. Moreover, the new Minister for Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs, M. Pierre July (A.R.S.) is a personal friend of Senator Collona, leader of the Tunisian lobby, and he voted against the Mendès-France Government on each of the four occasions when North Africa was debated.

Clearly, M. Faure will find it extremely difficult to go back on the policy laid down in the Carthage Declaration last July. However, a possible excuse has now presented itself. Tunisia is currently experiencing its worst drought since the war. In the South and centre practically no rain has fallen since October. In the North—which produces three-quarters of Tunisia's grain supplies—January rainfall was 80 per cent. below average. During recent weeks, tens of thousands of nomads and *fellahs* from the south, whose herds have been destroyed, have migrated northwards. About 100,000 are now clustering in the relatively prosperous villages in the Tunisia area, and some 20,000 are encamped in Tunis itself. According to unofficial estimates, unemployment has risen from 200,000 to 450,000 (out of a total population of under 5 million) during the last two months. So far, few cases of violence have been reported, but three bakers' shops were taken by storm last week, and there is apprehension in Tunis that large-scale rioting may ensue.

When I visited the Tunis docks last week, some 2,000 *fellahs* were waiting for work. Most of them had come in from the Southern Villages, and, of a group of ten whom I questioned, only two had worked for more than two days during the past week. So far, the Government has done little to employ these men, beyond organising a few dozen road-gangs; and M. Ben Ammar himself has come in for some bitter criticism from the U.G.T.T. The Neo-Destourians, however, are showing remarkable restraint, for they fear that the Residence may use the drought as an excuse to postpone the negotiations. There is certainly a precedent for this type of manoeuvre: in 1937, after the fall of the Popular Front Government, the Residence managed to postpone the application of Blum's reforms on the grounds that the economic crisis had to be solved first. "This providential drought," wrote *Tunis-Socialiste* last week, "may well be a godsend to the *colons*—a means of avoiding once more a solution to the political problems of Tunisia."

BONN

Conference After the Vote

A Correspondent in Bonn writes: The morrow of the vote on the Paris Treaties finds the political scene here in confusion, with Government and Opposition alike uncertain of the next step. During the four days' debate the long-smouldering conflict between Dr. Adenauer and the Free Democrats came to a head. It had always been known that a majority of the Free Democrats would vote against the Saar Agreement. At the beginning of the debate, Dr. Adenauer told Coalition party leaders privately that he would overlook this revolt in so far as private Deputies were concerned; but he demanded, in the name of Cabinet solidarity, that the four Free Democrat Ministers vote with the Government.

This was a skilfully contrived move by the Chancellor, meant to isolate the Free Democrats from the Refugee Party—whose two Ministers had already previously decided to vote with the Government against the bulk of their Party—and to split the Free Democrats among themselves. The F.D.P. Executive, on Saturday morning, countered by calling, in the strongest terms, on its Ministers as well as the rank-and-file M.P.s, to vote against the Saar Agreement. In the event, only one of the four Ministers obeyed this Party summons. Of the other three, two abstained, and one voted with the Chancellor against the Party: this one further confounded confusion by announcing the following morning—and to outsiders inexplicably—his resignation from the Government. The truth is that the Free Democrat revolt as a whole was less than complete. Only 39 of the 48 Deputies voted "No" in the end, though Dr. Dehler, in the final session on Sunday, publicly attacked Dr. Adenauer in terms which make further co-operation almost unthinkable.

Dr. Adenauer now has to do some hard thinking. His Coalition of all non-Socialist parties commands a two-thirds majority. This he needs to pass the intended conscription legislation, which requires a constitutional amendment. If he breaks with the Free Democrats, he loses this two-thirds majority, and is unable, having ratified the Paris Treaties, to carry them out. On the other hand, the Christian Democrats alone have a majority of one over all other parties. This would be enough to change the electoral law from the present modified P.R. to the British system, thereby reducing the Free Democrats to the plight of the British Liberal Party. The threat of such an electoral reform might make the Free Democrats come to heel and vote for conscription. On the other hand, it would be a declaration of war also on the other two small Coalition parties, who would be crushed out of existence under a British electoral system. It would conjure up, too, the spectre of a counter-coalition of the Social Democrats with the small parties—an alliance which has already taken shape in Bavaria after last November's State elections. Such a counter-coalition would have to win over only one single Christian Democrat Deputy to overthrow the Government.

There is another possibility in the air—a coalition between Christian Democrats and Social Democrats, such as is at present being tried out in West Berlin. Some elements in the Christian Democratic Party are working for this solution, which would be based on an agreement, despite ratification, not to start rearmament before another Four-Power Conference on German reunification has taken place. For Social Democrats, both the "Bavarian" and the "Berlin" groupings have their temptations—although, with regard to the latter, the prevailing feeling in the Party is: "Yes, but not under Adenauer." Many S.P.D. Deputies would prefer a policy of letting the Coalition stew in its own juice, continuing agitation in the country, and working for a purely Socialist Government. The strength of this policy lies in the anti-militarist ground-swell in the country; its weakness in the fact that the next Federal elections are two and a half years away.

KENYA

An Early Election ?

Our Kenya Correspondent writes: The announcement that European political leaders are discussing the prospect of a fairly early General Election in Kenya confirms the failure of the just-concluded Electors' Union annual conference to patch up the internal differences of the Settlers. The best European brains in the Colony had worked hard and expensively for months to pave the way for this principal objective of the conference; but the compromise policy they produced as a basis for bringing the two parties together proved acceptable to neither. The attempt now to precipitate an early General Election is both a confirmation and a consequence of this agreement to disagree. The Lyttelton Plan, under which the Colony is functioning at present, does not permit a new Legislature to be elected before June, 1956, or six months after the end of the Emergency, whichever is *later*. But in order to postpone the election date beyond June next year, when the four-year life of the present Council expires, a special amendment to the law would be necessary. Present political opinion rules out this possibility.

The discussion of an early General Election has been initiated by Mr. Humphrey Slade, the Member for Aberdare and Mr. Michael Blundell's chief critic and rival. Although not actually a member of the anti-Blundell Federal Independence Party, Mr. Slade is politically so close to it as to make little difference. The "federalists" have for long favoured an early opportunity of measuring their strength against the United Country Party in a General Election, and a certain amount of independent opinion has also regarded an election as the best method of resolving European differences. "A settlement is needed," one independent paper said recently, "and one political party or the other must be firmly established."

Mr. Blundell's United Country Party has so far been too well content with the existing set-up to risk its upheaval through a General Election; but its reluctance may now be expected to thaw. Two indications point to this: First, there apparently have been enough differences within the Council of Ministers to make it at least an unsafe bet. Although it has probably braved its worst storms already, it is clear that it has not done so without, on occasion, coming perilously close to disaster. As a last resort, Mr. Blundell and his followers would rather accept a General Election than risk the collapse of the Cabinet and, therefore, the end of the Lyttelton experiment. Secondly, the influence of Mr. Blundell's opponents seems at last to have begun its journey down the hill. Mr. Slade's extremism, which in the beginning had impressed most Settlers as outspokenness, is now seen as being sometimes indistinguishable from irresponsibility. The F.I.P. also has recently suffered a severe blow in local following as a result of its fantastic plan for division of the country into racial zones held together by a federation. The Blundellites still do not want an early General Election, but if it has to come, they are now better prepared than ever before to take up the challenge.

WESTMINSTER

Churchill at the Box

There is this about each one of Sir Winston Churchill's major parliamentary performances nowadays—it might be his last. This is written in no spirit of joyful anticipation. Indeed the reverse is the case, because the House today is such a coagulation of dullness that it would be a dreary place without him. But at Question Time on Tuesday most Members must have wondered —how long? There was no sparkle, no wit: it was a painful effort for the Prime Minister to rise from the bench. The pool of deep emotionalism which lies just beneath the sometimes boyish, sometimes weary and sometimes malicious outer crust frequently spills nowadays into a suspicion of tears. His eyes flood at mention of the Navy, at talk of the courage of soldiers or airmen and, above all, when he speaks of the House of Commons. For the House he has a genuine devotion, which becomes more touching as he comes to regard it less as a scene for his triumphs and more as a heritage he has helped to mould and must soon relinquish. It would be a shallow and callous back-bencher who would dare to jibe at such moments. This sudden emotion, far removed from sentimentality, showed again during Tuesday's questions after Churchill had resisted attempts to remove the restriction under which the B.B.C. is forbidden to broadcast discussions of topics which are shortly to be debated in the House. The reasons he gave may have sounded like an echo from a past century, but when Clement Attlee rose to support him he was visibly touched.

Later, when he embarked on his big speech, it seemed that his previous lassitude had been only a careful husbanding of energy for the greater effort. The House does not listen to Sir Winston easily. He still has to hold it and master it, perhaps more than anyone else; for, if he starts to slip, if he fails, the Opposition is rightly quick to take advantage. And as he speaks from such carefully prepared briefs, it is not possible for him to adapt his oration to meet an unexpected reaction. That is why he either achieves great parliamentary success or abject failure. On Tuesday he tasted success just as, when last he spoke on the H-bomb, he flopped. It would be overstating the effect to say that the House was tense or expectant or even deeply moved. At Westminster a really highly charged atmosphere is the product of the sudden shock as when, for example, Chuter Ede in restrained understatement confessed his doubts about a decision he had made to send a man to the scaffold, or when George Tomlinson, a couple of years ago, intervened in quite a minor debate—with the testimony of a dying man.

There was none of this atmosphere on Tuesday. The House knew, broadly speaking, what Churchill would have to say. True, by dealing with the basic simplicities of terror and hope, he avoided the detail of the censure charge laid against him and his Government. This could have been a tactical trick, but I doubt it. Perhaps his gestures were staged, as when he squared the Dispatch Box with his hands and pointed out that a quantity of plutonium of the same volume could give world domination to any Power which alone possessed the secret of its use. But, staged or not, they were graphic and to the point. Somehow I hope that this was his last great speech. Churchill is an artist who has created many masterpieces. His greatest work is in his being, not his writing. But a masterpiece of living, as a masterpiece of prose, must end on the right note.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

Report from Tokyo

A TWO-THIRDS majority is necessary to amend the constitution fathered on Japan by General MacArthur. Thus much the most interesting result of last Sunday's election is that the Right-wing and Left-wing Socialists combined won 156 seats, or just over one-third, of the 467 seats in the Diet. So, provided that the two Socialist groups act together—they can count on support from four Farmer-Labour members, and two Communists—they can effectively veto any constitutional amendment. It is an ironic fact here that, the more to the Left you go, the more anxious you are to preserve MacArthur's constitution. The real issue is Article 9 of the constitution, which outlaws war. So long as that Article remains in force, rearmament is illegal—though there is much dispute here about whether the constitution forbids what I heard a Right-wing politician call the natural right of self-defence. It may indeed be argued that an armed police force is legal for internal security purposes. But that argument cannot possibly justify the present policy of rearmament which, under American pressure, includes paratroop formations, jet planes and military manœuvres with equipment and uniform which are indistinguishable from those of the U.S. Army. With a great conservative majority this illegal rearmament will presumably continue. But the Opposition can at least protest against it and impede it, so long as the constitution remains unamended.

The Japanese masses are today, beyond doubt, strongly opposed to all war and warlike preparations. The few open militarists were defeated at the polls; and Right-wing elements which resemble German militarist groups have discreetly to wait their time. At this moment there seems no early danger that the Army dominance which ruined Japan in the Thirties can be restored. In the first place, Japan cannot afford unlimited armaments; and, secondly, the increasingly literate public—with the external contacts which accompany literacy—is still overwhelmingly in the post-war reaction against militarism. I cannot prophesy how long this state of affairs will last.

The Democratic Party of Mr. Hatoyama has won a spectacular success over the Liberals, who have dropped from 180 seats to 112. Yet Mr. Hatoyama remains dependent on Liberal support. It has been widely suggested here that a group of renegade Liberals may join the Democrats, giving Mr. Hatoyama an independent majority. At the moment, however, it seems likely that the Liberals will remain separate, giving their support to the Democrats *ad hoc*. The result is likely to be a period of weak government with Hatoyama as Premier and Mr. Shigemitsu as Foreign Secretary.

Hatoyama's victory was due partly to his personal popularity—Mr. Yoshida has lost most of his hold on the people—and partly to electoral promises which contained something for almost everybody. Hatoyama was the victim of MacArthur's spectacular political purge, and his popularity has been increased in some quarters by a crippling illness which touches public sympathy in much the same way as Roosevelt's disability. Like Roosevelt, too, he has an excellent "fireside" way of explaining his policy and promising great social improvements, including a clean-up of the shipping and other administrative scandals.

In his attitude to foreign relations he represents the mood of the country. A British correspondent in Tokyo recently published an alleged statement from Hatoyama that he intended to "recognise" Peking. This report caused a commotion in Tokyo, both because nobody believed it represented the attitude of Mr. Shigemitsu, and because it was held to be unpractical, since it would involve withdrawing recognition from Formosa and outraging America. An official of the Japanese Foreign Office, whom I saw early this week, explained the confusion as arising from a mistranslation. That may well be true: in any case it is the most convenient explanation for all concerned. It is clear enough that all such a phrase could mean in practice is *de facto* recognition of Peking, so that the way might be cleared for closer trade and cultural relations. The general intention of the new Government is doubtless to create working relations with both East and West. Nobody yet discusses how far it is possible in the long run to achieve the contortionist feat of being economically dependent on the Communist bloc, while enjoying political alliance with America. The dilemma, indeed, is not yet clearly seen, because it is uncertain how far Peking wants to accept Japanese exports; and everybody, even Washington, understands that Japan must get coal from the mainland.

The Left-wing Socialists are jubilant at winning 89 seats against the 67 of the Right-wing group. One of their spokesmen I talked to after the poll discounted the suggestion that they had been greatly helped by the Communists. His desire to minimise Communist aid was understandable, because the Left-wing group wants the largest possible Socialist unity to resist all rearmament and build for a Socialist electoral majority in the future. Discussions, in fact, are going on between the rival groups for a unity conference this week. The situation is much as if the Bevanites, having gained a substantial majority in the British Labour Party, feared that the pollution of Communist support would endanger the prospects of the Party's effective progress towards power. It is historically interesting that this move towards unity follows the urgent advice given to both Socialist parties by Mr. Bevan himself when he was recently in Tokyo.

The fundamental issues of post-war Japan have not been involved in this election. The dilemma which affects every party and every problem is whether the existing Japan, which has lost its food-producing territories of Manchuria and Formosa, is economically viable. The population has expanded rapidly. There are now 85m. people in an area smaller than the State of Texas, with only 17 per cent. of its area arable land, and that already intensively cultivated.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Subsidies and Farm Prices

AMONG the awkward questions that Governments have to settle nowadays is how far the selling of farm products should be planned or free. Nearly everywhere there is a mixture of State intervention and free competition; even behind the Iron Curtain, where planning goes furthest, farmers do not have to sell all their products at fixed prices through official channels. Elsewhere guaranteed prices, import quotas, export subsidies, marketing schemes, and other devices distort the pattern of world trade and agriculture, and frustrate attempts at Geneva under G.A.T.T. and at Paris in O.E.E.C. to reconcile conflicting national policies.

Here in Britain the liquidation of State trading and wartime controls has created new problems which were not foreseen when the Agriculture Act of 1947 was passed. In the recent Debate on the Address, the new Minister for Agriculture and Food, Mr. Heathcoat Amory, was taken to task by the Opposition for whittling away the principles of guaranteed prices and assured markets embodied in the Agriculture Act. Since then the Labour Party has issued a new statement of policy. It advocates Marketing Boards or Commissions for regulating home marketing and the restoration of State trading for the main food imports. But it is silent as to the level of farm prices and subsidies and as to the limit, if any, which is to be placed on the expansion of home production at the expense of imports. This is not surprising; for no simple answer can be given. Both political parties are faced with the same difficulty of finding a policy which will maintain a fair balance between the interests of urban and rural constituents and can at the same time be defended on economic grounds.

The Agriculture Act gives little guidance as to the principles on which guaranteed prices should be fixed or as to the relation they should bear to the prices of imported produce. The purpose is defined as "efficient" production of what "it is desirable to produce" with "proper remuneration for farmers and workers . . . " By implication this means that it is not the purpose of the Act to maintain inefficient production of more than is needed at excessive cost. The difficulty is to decide how much is needed to be produced and at what cost. Clearly this must vary from time to time in the light of circumstances. I write before the results of the 1955 Annual Review are known. But basically the question is: Do we now need to go on spending more than £200 million in subsidising farm prices, and are we getting value for money?

From 1948 to 1953 the object was to stimulate a very rapid expansion of production, and consequently prices had to be fixed at a level to cover the costs of marginal producers. In spite of some allegations of "feather-bedding" on farms, there has been a quite remarkable response. Indeed milk, pigmeat and eggs have now reached a point where production is tending to exceed what is needed; and the subsidised prices are proving unnecessarily high for efficient production. Total subsidies for these three products alone will be about £160 million in 1954/55. Last March a penny a gallon was knocked off the guaranteed price of milk, and a limit was set to the quantity guaranteed, with the avowed object of "reducing marginal production." But in spite of this, and of unfavourable weather in the last two months of the year, milk production in 1954 rose to a new high level, while consumption of liquid milk

remained unchanged. A heavy loss was incurred on the surplus made into milk products. The Milk Marketing Boards have now an opportunity to show what can be done to increase milk consumption, with no increase in the subsidy, through lower unit costs and higher productivity per man both in production and distribution. Just about half the milk subsidy of £79 million pays for cheap milk for mothers and children. This at least gives the nation a good return for its money in better health and physique for the rising generation.

There are, of course, no competing imports of liquid milk and it is only the milk products which are sold at a loss in a free market. With pigmeat and eggs there is the intractable problem of combining guaranteed prices with free imports. To get a million more pigs a high price (54s. 3d. per score deadweight) was fixed for 1953/54. Then in March, 1954, Ministers put the brake on, and the price was reduced by 3 shillings. This still leaves the price for bacon pigs nearly 40 per cent. higher than in Denmark. The pig subsidy is to be £59 million instead of £40 million in 1954/55, and would have been even higher but for the limits imposed on bacon imports by State trading. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the subsidised price is too high; but to decide how many pigs are needed and at what cost, and still more to explain the grounds for any such decision, is too much to expect of any Minister. He would naturally prefer the market to decide what is wanted. In the case of eggs high guaranteed prices have resulted in an increase of 20 per cent. in the commercial home supply in 1954; and so long as the price remains sufficiently attractive, there is no foreseeable limit to further expansion. The subsidy in 1954/55 is expected to reach £27 million, representing a bounty of about 40 per cent. on the average market value. This is the most difficult of all farm subsidies to justify, and may prove one of the most difficult to change. Eggs are rather like cabbages in not readily lending themselves to cartelisation and marketing schemes. They are sold in a free market in the U.S.S.R.; and even in the U.S., price support for eggs has been abandoned as unworkable.

The subsidy for beef, mutton and lamb, which may amount to about £20 million in 1954/55, can be justified by the need for further expansion to offset the reduction in supplies from the Argentine. Today we are only importing about half as much beef as before the war. In a free market the best quality home-produced beef and lamb enjoy a substantial premium and need little or no subsidy. But individual guaranteed prices weaken the influence of consumer demand in stimulating efficiency and improvement of quality. The nation would get better value for money if some of the subsidy could be used to provide a greater incentive to improve the country's grasslands and hill pastures. In spite of striking advances in pasture management there are still too many farms where not enough is being done to get higher yields from grass by re-seeding, temporary leys and rotational grazing.

Little need be said about the subsidies for cereals, which were originally estimated at £61 million but have now been reduced to £46 million owing to the rise in world prices. The guaranteed price for wheat has been £30 15s. a ton, compared with a market price which has been averaging about £21 a ton. For the 1955 harvest the guaranteed price will be 15 shillings a ton lower, which means that the subsidy cannot be reduced by more than about 10 per cent. before September 1956, unless there is a further rise in world prices. This seems unlikely. Wheat, unlike meat and eggs, costs dollars, and the main justification for the subsidy is to ease the balance of payments.

In the recent debate on the Address, Labour spokesmen made the most of recent pig marketing troubles, which gave them a good opportunity to point out the inherent contradiction between fixed prices and free markets. They also criticised the Government's policy of "flexible stability" as though it involved a departure from the principles of the Agriculture Act, 1947. But it was the Labour Government itself in its explanatory memorandum to the Bill which made the obvious point that "flexibility is desirable to allow of modifications and adjustments as conditions change both at home and abroad." The Act does not prescribe centralised buying at fixed prices, either by the State or by Marketing Boards, and it leaves a wide discretion to Ministers to decide the best method to adopt for different products. The difficulties that the present Government has encountered have been due to the decision to abandon fixed targets and centralised buying and yet to retain guaranteed prices; for the latter virtually imply the former. Fixed prices are a hangover from the days of war-time and post-war shortages and are ill adapted for conditions of relative prosperity and plenty. If, as the White Paper says, the pattern of production must in future be settled by consumer choice and market trends, then guaranteed prices should be abandoned. More use should be made of the alternatives to guaranteed prices provided for in Section 8 of the Act and set out in the explanatory memorandum. An acreage payment for wheat, as for oats and barley, and a fixed rate of subsidy per unit for meat and eggs would have the advantage of supplementing and not replacing the market price.

Labour spokesmen may have been wise not to be drawn into explaining precisely how they would solve the problem of combining guaranteed prices with free imports and freedom of consumers' choice. But Mr. Tom Williams has at least made it clear that he does not advocate a return to rationing and allocation at fixed prices. Even a statutory monopoly cannot compel consumers to buy more than they want at fixed prices which they are unable or unwilling to pay. Monopolistic trading at fixed prices must involve some restriction of supply either by import quotas or by production quotas; and no Government is going to entrust the country's food supply to a group of producers' monopolies modelled on the lines of the Hops Marketing Board.

In the background to each Annual Price Review is the crucial question: to what extent and in what ways do we look to agriculture to reduce our dependence on imports? Professor Austin Robinson has suggested, in a recent study of our export markets and our ability to pay for imports, that we can only afford about four-fifths of our pre-war imports. Since food and feeding stuffs accounted for nearly half of these, and raw materials cannot be much reduced, this might mean a reduction by more than half in food and feed imports—an attractive goal if it could be achieved at reasonable cost. But our present costs and prices are between 30 and 50 per cent. higher than those of imported products; and the saving in foreign exchange tends to be made, not primarily in dollars, but at the expense of countries like Denmark and the Netherlands from whom we have no need to restrict imports on balance of payment grounds. It is surely no part of Labour policy to restrict imports from O.E.E.C. countries, or from the sterling area, from which we obtain so much of our food imports. Almost the only commodities, expansion of which saves dollars, are wheat and sugar. Increased egg production may even cost dollars, since a large amount of wheat is needed for poultry food.

The Labour Party's statement proposes—for milk, meat, and eggs, as for some other commodities—an assured market at guaranteed fixed prices; but nothing is said about setting any limit to the quantity to be guaranteed. The Agriculture Act expressly provides for setting a limit; for otherwise the market might become "overloaded." Again, if imports are to be regulated by State trading, will the principle of assured markets at fixed prices be applied to purchase of imported supplies? Or will State trading be used to restrict imports and obtain supplies as cheaply as possible? In view of our membership in O.E.E.C. and G.A.T.T. this is a point that will need careful handling in any further statement of policy; for it impinges on commercial policy and the answer might have serious repercussions on our export trades.

Mr. Tom Williams said in a recent Parliamentary speech that "we know that for balance of payments reasons the saving of imports is equally as good as the expansion of exports"—a doctrine that, taken out of its context, might imply that growing bananas and citrus fruit under glass is as good as exporting textiles to buy them where they can be grown economically. But he went on to explain that he did not "advocate maximum production of food in this country regardless of cost, but rather a steady, continuous improvement in the efficiency of production and marketing." This is unexceptionable, but how are we to judge efficiency of production? What weight is to be attached to the comparative cost of imported food? In a recent Paper read to the Agricultural Economics Society on *The Competitive Position of British Agriculture*, Professor E. F. Nash compares British farm prices with those of eight other countries of Western Europe. Our prices for milk and sugarbeet are the highest in Europe; for livestock products they are exceeded only by Switzerland, and for cereals and potatoes only by Switzerland and Italy. Our farm prices for milk, pigs and eggs in 1953/54 were some 50 per cent. higher than Danish farm prices. He concludes that "British agriculture as it is now conducted is a long way from being competitive with imports at current prices and at unsubsidised levels of cost." Most economists a generation ago, he adds, would have argued that guaranteed prices and subsidies prevent British agriculture from making its maximum contribution to the country's welfare; but Professor Nash prefers to say more tentatively that "if our agriculture fails to be competitive and becomes dependent for a large fraction of its income on price supports and subsidies, some cost to the community is likely to result."

This leads to the further question. How far should farm subsidies, combined with statutory minimum wages for farm workers, be looked upon as a redistribution of the national income in favour of the agricultural community? Farm workers and farmers naturally compare their living standards with those of industrial workers and traders in the towns, and not with those of peasants and smallholders in Europe. Wealthy countries like the United States and Switzer-

NEXT WEEK

The New Line in Russia

By ALEXANDER WERTH

A Plan for Lancashire

By the Rt. Hon. HAROLD WILSON, M.P.

JOHN RAYMOND

on

Horace Walpole's Letters

land can afford to treat their farmers generously; and the fact that agriculture makes such a relatively small contribution to the net national product of Britain should make it easier for the taxpayer to accept farm subsidies as a permanent feature of the Welfare State. If this is to be the case, there still remains the problem of ensuring that the taxpayers' contribution is so administered as to achieve the maximum social welfare without discouraging efficiency.

Another problem that needs careful study is what precisely is meant by "efficient marketing" of farm products. It is sometimes too easily assumed that a monopoly, whether managed by the Government or by a Producers' Board, can provide a more efficient marketing mechanism than the free play of competition. All that can be said here on this debatable proposition is that commodities vary greatly in the extent to which they can be efficiently handled by a statutory monopoly. Milk, which is almost uniform in quality and is produced and consumed in fairly regular and predictable quantities, is at one extreme; fruit, cabbages and lettuce are at the other. Before the Labour Party commits itself to the suppression of competitive markets for livestock, and for beef, mutton, pork and eggs, it needs to walk warily and consider the implications. A meat monopoly might burn its fingers badly, if it tried to dictate the selling prices of meat. Experience of wartime control suggests that it could only operate fixed prices by maintaining a shortage of supply in relation to demand; and this implies rationing and allocation with no consumers' choice or competition between butchers. Far more constructive is the proposal to establish a network of up-to-date abattoirs to be built and owned by a Livestock Commission. The building of improved markets for agricultural—including horticultural—products is long overdue.

These and similar issues need to be clarified and brought out into the open. The Government is faced with a number of baffling problems. It wants to reduce the huge subsidy bill of between £200 million and £250 million. It cannot go much further in raising prices to the consumer, even if it wanted to, except by restricting imports. Yet it cannot restrict imports by quotas or tariffs without breach of international obligations or running the risk of reprisals against our exports. And restriction of home food production by quotas, as is done with hops, would make economic and political nonsense. The best hope of lessening the burden on the taxpayer lies in re-casting the subsidies in such a way as to provide a real incentive to lower costs per unit of output.

The problems of transition from rationing and control to a regime of flexible stability are not easily solved, least of all in an atmosphere of political controversy where each party in turn is tempted to make promises that cannot be carried out. Is it not possible that both sides would welcome an attempt by an independent body to hammer out some of the longer-term issues involved? There has not been a Royal Commission on Agriculture since the depression of the Nineties, if we except the abortive Commission, set up in 1919, which never completed its task. The time has surely come for another Royal Commission to undertake a dispassionate analysis of the part that agriculture should play in the national economy, and to throw light on the reasons why so important an industry should now find itself, in a period of full employment and general prosperity, in a position where something like two-thirds of its total net income is derived from the taxpayer in the form of Exchequer subsidies.

E. M. H. Lloyd

London Diary

I am disgusted by the cruelties which occurred in the North Korean P.W. camps. But not particularly surprised. I was brought up on Dr. Fu Manchu, and the Horror Comics of my day were much concerned with Chinese torture—and, no doubt, Korean too, though we didn't know the name. Chinese (and Koreans) are, I'm sure, habitually cruel by Western standards. Does anybody really doubt that the most appalling cruelties occurred also in the South Korean camps where R.O.K. troops, under the most cursory American supervision, guarded their compatriots from the other side of the line? Physical cruelty apart, I am amused (and not all that much shocked) by the persistence and crudity of the Chinese attempts to indoctrinate their prisoners. Did not, after all, the South Koreans and the Americans pursue a similar objective in their camps—with a success which almost frustrated the armistice agreement? The fact is that in modern ideological war the soul of the prisoner is inevitably a military objective. A legitimate one? We used to claim it was when our own psychological warriors wrestled with the devils which possessed the Hitler youth.

* * *

It is the naive failure to take account of this central fact of modern war—that exponents of class-war cannot, by definition, agree that the limits of belligerency are determined by nationality—which weakens the effect, as an instrument of psychological warfare, of the Ministry of Defence pamphlet which prompts these thoughts. The pamphlet cannot, by the way, be judged by standards more elevated than those of propaganda—though I don't doubt that most of the unpleasant things reported did happen. But such sentences as: "The technique of group discussions is, of course, widely used behind the Iron Curtain, and it is notorious that those taking part are transformed into human gramophone records," are liable to startle educationists in this country. The exposure and condemnation of cruelty is not, however, without value, even when done with the purpose of injuring your enemy. And the effective debunking of Chinese humbug over the Geneva Conventions and "lenient treatment" may serve to focus humanitarian opinion on some of the problems arising from the political content of modern warfare which the pamphlet itself fails to notice.

* * *

Pontecorvo's article in the Soviet press does not, to my mind, entirely clear up the mystery of his disappearance. It is, I suppose, agreeable to be told that he is working for peace, and that he has become a "Stalin Prize Laureate." The article, however, is unconvincing about why he chose to go. The implication that while he was in England he was compelled to work on war preparations is simply not true. As a Harwell spokesman has revealed this week, his work there was not even classified as secret. Nor is it likely that he has better facilities now than then. The great value of his work on cosmic rays (the same as he claims to be doing now) had secured him what one of his colleagues called "a most privileged position at Harwell." Moreover, he was on the point of taking up a post at Liverpool University, where he would have worked on the synchrocyclotron, one of the finest in the world. I am not very much impressed by his suggestion that he found life in Britain oppressive and police-ridden. For one of the most puzzling features of his disappearance at the time was how to reconcile it with his complete absorption into English life, to which all his intimates testified. I recall a hypothesis which was current among atomic scientists at the time. It was that Pontecorvo had probably been guilty of giving the Russians some minor piece of atomic information while working in Canada during the war. As a result of the Fuchs case, he may have been blackmailed by the Soviet authorities with the threat that, if he did not desert, he would be betrayed to the British Intelligence. In the atmosphere which prevailed at the time, that could well have been enough to send him packing. There is irony in that theory. For such was his standing as a scientist over here that, had he made a clean breast to the authorities of any relatively unimportant indiscretion of the past, I should say it might well have been overlooked.

* * *

It is not often that a single Parliamentary speech—especially from a back-bencher—effectively changes the mind of any significant number of M.P.s. But Roy Jenkins pulled it off last week with his attack on the Horror Comics Bill. Before he spoke, the occasion seemed one of little importance. A number of Members were a bit cagey about endorsing yet more legislation to restrict the printed page; but it was a safe bet that, despite their warnings, the feeling of the House was strongly in favour of doing just that. Not so today. It is now sure that when the Committee stage is taken substantial changes will be made. I shall not be surprised if the questions of "intent" and "public good" are made relevant to the definition of an offence; if proceedings are centralised in the Director of Public Prosecutions; or if evidence of literary and artistic quality becomes admissible. These are broadly the points covered by the main amendments which Jenkins has now tabled. Their incorporation in the Bill would enormously improve it; and, impressed as I am by the arguments on the other side, I still hope on balance that it passes. The definition of the type of publication to which it applies—"which consists wholly or mainly of stories told in pictures"—is a fairly effective way of isolating the Comic from other literature; and in so far as that isolation is effective, the notorious doctrine of the Hicklin judgment ("tendency to corrupt") is proportionately more appropriate and less damaging. By the way, to anybody who still doubts the evil nature of some of these Comics, I commend the English edition of Dr. Wertham's *Seduction of the Innocent*, just published by Museum Press.

* * *

A nasty little tale, untold apparently in the British press, lurks behind the picturesque merry-go-round of the royal stories from the West Indies. Some fifty Venezuelan political refugees who have been living in Trinidad since 1948, when the constitution of Venezuela was suspended, are now to be deported. Behind this announcement lies a shabby bargain struck a few months ago between Colonel Perez Jimenez, the Dictator of Venezuela, and the Trinidad Government. Venezuela was to lift the 30 per cent. tax on imports from Trinidad, and in return Trinidad would expel the Venezuelan exiles. That was last July. The Trinidad Government, honouring (if that is the word) its side of the bargain gave the exiles a week to quit. But the press got hold of the case, and public opinion forced the authorities to suspend the expulsions. Last week it was once again announced that the men are now to be deported. No explanations. No accusations. No process of law. It has never, as far as I can find out, been even alleged that any of the men concerned has abused the

hospitality of Trinidad—which for two centuries has been the asylum of Venezuelan political refugees. I hesitate to accuse the Trinidad Government of selling the lives or liberties of these men for the remission of a 30 per cent. tax. But is there any other explanation?

* * *

This week we welcome to the shelter of Great Turnstile a new (though not young) and greatly respected sister publication. *The Journal of Education*, a robust centenarian, begins, with its issue of April 1, to publish from beneath the same roof as ourselves. Boris Ford, well known to many readers, especially for his work with the Bureau of Current Affairs, will edit it—an arrangement which ensures both imagination and integrity.

* * *

Knee-deep—stay a moment: another post has arrived—waist-high stand the Prize Essays, hundreds of them, from every corner of the world. As I write, the young ladies of Great Turnstile, on hands and knees, drape themselves over every square inch of floor space, opening, sorting, indexing, checking that pen-names at the head of entries really do correspond with those on the tell-tale envelopes that identify the authors. A pretty sight on a sunny Monday morning; but a deceptively enticing prelude to the long labours which await the distinguished panel of judges. At this stage, we at Great Turnstile wish only to say thank you to those who have taken the trouble to enter. The judging will inevitably take a number of weeks. Let no one—in Geelong or Darjeeling, Baltimore or W.C.1—expect his cheque by return of post.

FLAVUS

Shadowed Livery

All the Empire's population
To the Motherland is dear,
Though of tropic pigmentation
In the Western hemisphere;
But West Indians emigrating
Find a chilly welcome waiting—
Some trade union order stating
"No coloured wanted here!"

With a patriot's devotion
The heart of Empire throbs,
But when Negroes cross the ocean
And seek in Britain jobs,
They find they were deluded,
They see that they've intruded,
When by workers they're excluded,
The new trade union snobs.

It could not be expected
In the Colony afar,
British subjects are rejected
For the slightest touch of tar,
But against the coloured races
Negrophobes have set their faces;
Voting on a racial basis,
Strike to keep the colour bar.

How completely unavailing
Is the radiant royal smile,
Beaming with a charm unfailing
On the warm West Indian isle,
If, despite the Crown's affection,
Citizens of dark complexion
Are affronted by a section
Of the Labour rank and file!

The Colonials learn their lessons,
And results will soon appear
In Colonial possessions
Where self-government is near;
Native unions will be meeting
And in turn be heard repeating
Britons' non-fraternal greeting—
"No White men wanted here!"

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A man who holds enough investments to produce an income of £2,000 has to work hard. He has to watch them constantly and change some of them from time to time. To do the job properly, he may have to reserve a room or two of his house for use as an office. Nevertheless he gets no relief for all this.—*Financial Times*. (W. Gruen.)

Mr. — continued: "I contend that you cannot treat sex as a scientific subject as it is at the school. Call it science and the children will want to experiment. I believe there has been some trouble with this already."—Report in *Ruislip-Northwood Gazette*. (A. Edwards.)

British Railways objected to a bus company running summer tours from West Hartlepool to Robin's Hood Bay, Yorks, because, an official said, there was an adequate train service.

But, the official told West Hartlepool's licensing authority, there would be no objection to the firm running a "mystery tour."

What will be the mystery tour's destination? Robin's Hood Bay, said the official, but the public won't know. The licence was granted.—*Sunday Pictorial*. (J. Bryce.)

Churchill Calls It H for Hope.—Headline in Wednesday's *Daily Sketch*. (M. Jones.)

Returning to the United States

I LEFT the United States nearly four years ago, having lived there, off and on, for almost fourteen years. In January of this year I returned for a three weeks' visit. The America I knew had been the America of Roosevelt and Truman; I had lived under the New Deal and the Fair Deal; I had never known the United States under a Republican Government. When I first went to America, to teach at the University of Chicago, Robert M. Hutchins, the "boy president," was busy reforming the university, thundering against vocational training and pragmatism, remoulding the curriculum in the interests of general education in the liberal arts and in the foundations of Western thought. This year, in Washington, I looked in vain for my Democratic friends who had been in Government service: their place knew them no more. At the University of Chicago, where I gave a public lecture, almost the last vestiges of the Hutchins reforms were being quietly eliminated and the return to the *status quo* was nearly complete.

And Hutchins, where was he? He was at that very moment addressing the National Press Club in Washington on the "Reece Report"—the report of the House committee investigating tax-exempt foundations, signed by Representative Carroll Reece of Tennessee and two other Republican members. Congressman Reece's investigation, he said, was a farce. His report was intended to exploit "public concern about Communism and subversion, to further political ambition and to work off political grudges." Dr. Hutchins had lost none of his old force and eloquence. In Chicago in 1937 he used to be regarded as the friend of neo-scholasticism and intellectual reaction and, though this was a grotesque oversimplification, it is true that he brought into the university, among some brilliant people, a fair number of frauds and obscurantists. In his zeal for culture and his justifiable wrath against the chromium-plated, machine-made aspect of American higher education he allowed himself to be taken in by more than one charlatan, and he played havoc with more than one university department. And then, in 1940, he had been an isolationist. But in 1955 he is running the "Fund for the Republic," an independent subsidiary of the Ford Foundation, whose motto is "Feel free" and whose programme includes the preserving of traditional American liberties from the McCarthyite threat.

As for McCarthyism, I was told different things about it by different people. Of course I was talking mostly to academics, and the liberal American academic speaks only for a very small section of America's population. But even so, they differed. In Chicago I was told by a professor's wife, who had campaigned ardently for Stevenson at the last presidential election, that things were worse than anybody admitted, and the signs of improvement were very faint indeed; in New York I was told that McCarthyism was on the wane, and the prospects for the future were much brighter. The truth is that nobody really knows. In several cities, notably in Washington, I ran across a feeling of deep irritation with British liberal opinion, which was accused of always believing the worst about America and turning a blind eye to the real problems of Communism in American life and government. I was surprised to find Michael Straight, of the *New Republic*, disapproving sharply when I told him of the disgust felt by many people in Britain with Leslie Fiedler's *Encounter* article on the Rosenberg letters, in which the intellectual limitations and cliché-ridden vocabulary of those two wretched people were gleefully demonstrated. (How is *Encounter* liked in Britain? is a question I was often asked. No one was pleased when I replied that it was often viewed with suspicion, because it was so obviously subsidised and people wanted to know by whom, and who laid down its "line.")

In New York City I was struck by the fact that office buildings bore on each floor conspicuous directions about what to do when the air-raid warning sounded. In Detroit a group of business men and their wives asked me whether it was true that India was going Communist. It was in Detroit, too, that I first became aware of the increased size and number of American cars. I flew direct from London to Detroit, and my first impression on alighting from the plane was that the cars were half as big again as they were four years ago, with twice as much chrome. Parking is a perpetual problem. I drove with a friend to the station; we prowled around the streets for half an hour looking for a place to park, then gave up and went home, parked the car in my friend's private garage, and took a taxi back to the station. A garage proprietor told me that public garages can now hold only a fraction of the number of cars they were constructed to hold only a few years ago, because the cars are now so much longer and broader. The problem is at least as bad in Manhattan, where you walk if you are in a hurry and take a taxi only if you have leisure, for the traffic congestion is so bad, especially during the rush hour, that vehicular movement is almost impossible.

Are the Americans frightened of sudden war? I have often been asked since my return. Some are, some aren't. Apart from the conspicuous air-raid precautions in New York (but nowhere else that I saw) I encountered only one sign of jitteriness. A publisher, talking to me of a common friend who is now living in Western Berlin, made the sudden remark: "Of course, even as I am talking the Russians may have started rolling and Western Berlin may have dis-

appeared behind the Iron Curtain." For the most part, however, I did not find among the people I talked to many signs of the nervousness that is said to exist among Americans today. When I asked a Washington journalist what was the most exciting thing that had happened recently in his part of the States, he told me about the Talking Horse that lives with an old woman near Richmond, Virginia. The old woman gets him to tap out with his feet, on an alphabet set down on the floor, the answers to puzzling questions; the horse has already, among other feats, told a distressed lady where she left her handbag and indicated where the police could find the body of a kidnapped child. Finally, the dry Martinis are stronger than they were four years ago; ever more and more gin and less and less vermouth. The real connoisseurs simply rinse out the Martini jug with vermouth before filling it with neat gin.

DAVID DAICHES

Remaking the City of London

IN January, 1954, Sir David Eccles, then Minister of Works, addressed a Mansion House audience about the rebuilding of the City of London. "Unless swift and effective action is taken," he observed in words which were disturbingly to the point, "we shall see fat and familiar, mediocre and characterless neo-Georgian architecture rising from Hitler's ruins." And he concluded hopefully: "I am sure everyone here wants the new buildings in the City to suggest to the world at large that London is not living in the past, but has something vigorous, constructive, and beautiful to say about her future. You will not get such buildings if you ask for repetitions of pre-war commercial architecture." Whatever kind of post-prandial growl greeted these words, there is no doubt that the real estate companies who control building in the City have asked their architects for designs which suit Sir David's epithets and realise his worst fears. To see the bulky and lowering shape of things to come it is sufficient to stroll through the narrow streets, especially between Eastcheap and the Tower; or merely to glance at the "artist's impressions" of projects in hand, reproduced in advertisements on the back page of *The Times*.

The principle behind these designs can be expressed in three words: maximum lettable space. Once a property company has secured a freehold or a long lease of a site, its concern is to stock that site with as many suites of offices as it can be made to hold. It was obvious long before the war that this kind of building had become an anachronism, both of taste and of function. It was becoming harder and harder, not only for the tourist to glimpse a Wren church, but for the typist to find a patch of grass where she could sit and eat her sandwiches on a summer day, for her employer to park his car, and for all those who worked on the same floor of a large block to cram into the lifts in time to begin the day's work. Density, in every sense, was stifling efficiency as well as beauty. To re-create these problems, after having been given a (let's hope) unique chance to solve them, is neither worthy of London's place in the world nor likely to add to the prestige of British business, at a time when cities as various as Chicago, Hamburg and Sao Paulo are investing millions in drastic operations to let their commercial centres breathe.

In the brave days just after the war, hopes that everything would be different were based mainly on two instruments. The first was the reconstruction plan drawn up by Sir William Holford and Dr. Holden for the City Corporation, and largely incorporated in the Development Plan adopted when, in 1947, the L.C.C. became the planning authority for the City. But it can now be seen that this Plan—like any other—provides merely the framework for either good or bad buildings. It says nothing, save in broad admonition, about design, about co-ordination between one developer and his neighbour, or about the crucial matter of ownership. Nothing that is being built in the City infringes the Holford Plan. Sir William, indeed, remains the Corporation's planning consultant. But what is happening is this: the property companies keep just within the requirements concerning height in relation to width of street, overhanging, angle of light, and so forth, without acting in the spirit of the Plan to establish new and better standards. And the Corporation postpones, without officially cancelling, all those parts of the Plan which demand initiative rather than mere approval of the plans of private developers—the proposed new roads, for instance, the viaducts and underpasses, the precincts round the Guildhall and St. Paul's, and the paved walk, with flights of steps, leading up from the riverside promenade to the cathedral; planned so that pedestrians would see St. Paul's by stages as they climbed from level to level.

The other control was the system known as plot ratio. This lays down the permissible floor area in relation to a given area of land. In the City the normal ratio is Five; in other words, a developer can build on his whole site to a height of five floors, on half his site up to ten floors, or any variant of the equation. On paper this looks an adequate safeguard. In practice it has proved at once too rigid and too timid. Too rigid, because it is based on floor space and not on lettable floor space, and thus encourages the unscrupulous developer to skimp on hallways and lavatories. Too timid, because it takes the individual site and not the larger area as the unit to be shaped. In the event, almost all developers build to a height of seven or eight stories over what looks from the street like the whole of their ground; any unused space is hidden at the back.

Though purists sometimes declaim against skyscrapers in the City, current developments seem to reinforce the view that the real enemy both of beauty and of convenience is not height but bulk. Tall and slender buildings set well back from the streets and surrounded by open space could yield a skyline as effective as that which Wren's steeples once showed as they mounted to the dome of St. Paul's and could equip London with as striking and commodious a centre of business as New York's Rockefeller Centre. But the ground area of Rockefeller Centre is far greater than any London site in the hands of any one company. An acre in the City is a big site. And your businessman, fitting his acre or half acre into the straitjacket of plot ratio, naturally plumps for bulk every time.

It is useless merely to fulminate against the property companies. They are not the custodians of good taste, nor are they concerned with planning. Their duty is to their shareholders; their purpose is to get the buildings up and the offices rented. Finally, there is the spectre of saturation. It seems likely that the demand for office space will be satisfied before all the bombed sites are built over—and anyway the boom may not last for ever. Naturally each company wants to get its offices filled ahead of its rivals. Remembering all this, what has surprised me in talking with the directors of property companies is that they have no rooted prejudice against modern architecture. They admit freely that a tall and graceful building is neither more difficult to put up than a broad and bulky one, nor slower, nor more costly. Why, then, do they stick to the fat and familiar? The answer comes with a shrug: "Tradition, I suppose." And I have the strong impression that if authority were to compel any one developer to build in a radically new style, he would accept the command with more relief than resentment and—the first hurdle jumped—would find that he had set the tone for his rivals.

But any real attack on the problem means an attack also on the antiquated pattern of land ownership in this ancient bailiwick. Few indeed are the sites where a large enough area is concentrated in one pair of hands to allow of any kind of layout that combines building, free space, and such ancillary developments as car parks and leased restaurants or shops. There are a few such sites in the hands of the very biggest companies; there is the vital bombed area just north of St. Paul's which belongs to the Church Commissioners; and there is the large stretch of desolation actually belonging to the Corporation, which Sir Gerald Barry and his committee want to fill with the New Barbican scheme. Anywhere else, a site which a town planner would consider of quite modest size may have anything up to five thousand owners. And each owner regards it as hopelessly uneconomic to cover his site with anything but office building. A park, of course, won't pay him at all; and a block of flats, however much it would be welcomed both by office workers and by London Transport, would be quite unprofitable in relation to the current level of City land values.

What is needed, surely, is an extension of the plot ratio idea to areas rather than single sites, so that decisions about skyline, about setting back buildings from the street, and about the free space round them can be related to the present and the future, not made dependent on the chance purchases of the past. It has been suggested that the property companies themselves should combine to share the profits and spread the losses of large-scale development. This they show no inclination to do, alleging the intricacy and the delay of coming to terms with dozens of owners. Each prefers to get his block up on his own freehold; the shareholders can understand that way of doing business. Well then, it will be said, let the City Corporation use its powers of compulsory acquisition and develop areas (like New Barbican) on a leasehold basis. I see no sign that this is practical politics either. The Corporation is unlikely to do much in the way of precincts or parks, or yet of housing, unless and until the point of saturation is reached and it finds itself stuck with blitzed sites on which nobody wants to build any offices. They won't, manifestly, be the attractive sites on the main thoroughfares. As for large-scale development, the Corporation purchases with reluctance and has in some notable instances parted with parcels of land in the area its does own. Its officials express a decided preference for leaving the land in the hands of freeholders and letting them build on it as they see fit, subject only to minimum legal standards.

There remains the London County Council. The responsibility for giving planning approval to proposed developments in the City is shared between the L.C.C. and the City authorities in a rather complicated way. It suffices to say here that neither can disregard the views of the other. A year ago, when building really got started, a joint committee of the two authorities was set up on the official level to examine development proposals. The L.C.C.'s approach is somewhat different from that of the Corporation; as anyone

Written by Stephen Potter and drawn by London Sainthill

introducing THE FORTY-NINTH STATE

THERE ARE MANY LINKS between Schweppshire and *Schweppsylvania*, 49th State of the U.S. Careful examination of this pictorial map (with historical landmarks) will show that it is much the same as America only more so. The deep South is deeper, with shackier shacks. Its Western *San Franschweppsco* is gayer, and has more artless tramcars. Rich farm lands are quite close to places with No Signs of Life, not to be confused with places where there isn't supposed to be any sign of life, like the *New Schweppsican* desert, which, of course, is living. Even Texas is outdone by *Schweppsas*; and the gentlemanliness of Boston, Mass. is still more so in *Boston, Massachuschweppes*, where the atmosphere is almost reminiscent of what might once have been what once was English.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ *SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH*

will realise who knows something of its way of handling large housing projects of an area like the South Bank, it thinks in terms of large areas and sweeping acquisitions by public authority. At the moment, the two authorities have failed to agree on proposals which affect three important sections of the City: the Fetter Lane area, that north of St. Paul's, and Aldersgate. The L.C.C. is reluctant to grant planning approval to any individual developments until a detailed plan has been evolved for each of these areas; the Corporation sees nothing wrong in scrutinising and approving plans site by site and letting the whole grow out of the parts.

Although it would be wrong to give the impression of a struggle between the two authorities, or even of a final disagreement, it is clear that there is here a basic conflict of principle, which must recur when plans for other parts of the City come before the joint committee. The Town Planning Act of 1947, which enjoined the two bodies to work in joint harness, did not omit to provide for such a divergence. It laid down that the arbiter should be the Minister—now, after several changes of title, the Minister of Housing and Local Government.

If the disputed plans reach Mr. Sandys' desk, as now seems more than likely, he will be asked to decide on more than a file of development proposals. He will be faced squarely with the question of the future of the City—of whether it is to slide back into the old cramped and graceless anarchy, or whether it is to "say something vigorous, constructive, and beautiful." He will have to think in a big way, not only about planning but about ownership, about the possible use of the public purse, maybe about fresh legislation. He must bear in mind that the City is the possession, both economically and culturally, not only of those who own it or even of those who work in it, but of the nation.

MERVYN JONES

Evviva Gulf Oil?

WHEN one thinks of an oil town, one thinks of Baku and Abadan, but not of Alanno. Not even the Italians themselves had heard of Alanno until a few weeks ago, when the Gulf Oil Co. of Pittsburg put it on the map.

Alanno stands on a hill, about twenty miles from the Adriatic fishing port of Pescara. It stands in the Abruzzi, the rocky country that bred D'Annunzio. D'Annunzio was the soldier-poet, but at Alanno there a more unusual phenomenon. For the mayor of Alanno is a poet, and though it may be easy to be a poet when one is surrounded by beautiful women and fanfares of trumpets, but not when one is mayor of Alanno.

The mayor of Alanno had enough troubles without the Gulf Oil Co. He made one see that there was something ironically tragic about the Americans' discovery of petrol in this poor district of the Abruzzi. Ever since the 1920s the geologists had been saying that there was oil in the Abruzzi hills. They wrote books to prove it; some of them even went to America to tell the Gulf Oil Co. But the peasants of Alanno had no need of proof. They had known for decades that oil was the curse of Alanno. What the peasants wanted the geologists to discover was water, not oil. They wanted the elementary necessities of life before they aspired to being an oil-boom town. That is why the derrick erected by Gulf Oil left them cold.

From all over Italy, from Milan and Rome, the journalists flocked to Alanno. They expected to find banners in the streets, "Evviva the Gulf Oil Co.," "Long Live the Oil of Alanno." They expected to see the mayor officious and dollar-happy, offering *cene* of fresh Abruzzi lamb to the gentlemen from Pittsburg. But the mayor talked about water. He said he was glad that the journalists had finally found Alanno, because now the world would know Alanno was waterless.

"But the oil, the oil," said the journalists with bated breath. "There are peasants in my commune," said the mayor, "who drink water with worms in it."

"The oil . . ."

"Have you ever tried drinking oil?" asked the mayor. He went on to describe how, in their frantic search for water, the peasants had dug wells all over the countryside. But all they had ever found was oil. Sometimes the "*metano*" had exploded or suffocated them. Six peasants had died through their digging.

"Do you think the oil will bring prosperity?" asked a journalist. The mayor observed that the electrical monopoly had seen fit to exclude Alanno from its plan to bring water to the high villages of the area. "I am glad to see you all here, today," said the mayor. "Because now you will be able to see the petition." On his desk was a grubby scroll of paper, covered with the scrawls of many men and women. The statement, pathetically phrased in the would-be official language of the poor, said that the electricity monopoly had let them down. The signatories were full of hope that the *signor sindaco* would put the matter right, by virtue of his natural contact with the higher spheres.

A journalist pointed to the poor stone houses at the edge of Alanno. "Alanno will grow, these will be skyscrapers," he said.

"The population of my commune was 6,000 last year," said the mayor. "Now it is 5,000. The young men have gone to Canada and Australia. We are a doomed village. The houses will not grow taller, they are falling down. Because the electricity monopoly has given us no water."

In the end, the journalists left. They preferred to jostle their way through the scores of bullocks in the small market place of Alanno, and scramble down the rugged path from the village to the oil-well. The mayor sighed as he looked after them. Outside, the peasants of Alanno prodded each other's cattle, and kicked their lazy pigs, while their sheared sheep, with tufts painted like poppies to show the depth of the wool, waited patiently to be sold. It was market day and the narrow streets of Alanno were crowded with merchants and their coloured cloth from Pescara. One of the journalists had said, "But Alanno is rich, bursting with life." And the mayor had replied, "Things are well in these villages when the market is empty. They are selling their cattle in order to emigrate."

Women, carrying the bronze jugs of the Abruzzi on their heads, walked in procession through the Piazza Umberto Primo. It was their turn for water. The peasants shouted the prices of their lean, white bullocks, and did not notice the apparatus of the Gulf Oil Co. in the valley. The mayor picked up his grubby petition, turned the handle of the telephone. He would try one more call to the Senator.

BRUCE RENTON

A Story in Mind

I SAY, I have a story in mind, said Manikkam. I want to infuse the Indian idiom of writing into English literature. [*As my mother used to say, Manikkam spoke like the crackling of mustard seeds in hot fat.*] My mother tongue is Tamil: I've never known it. The language the State would have me use since we got our Independence is Hindustani: I'll never learn it. The language I've always used is English: I cry in it, pray in it, make love in it. I'll write in it. [*Grandmother, he would say, tells me I can have all her gold and jewellery when she dies. That'll pay my passage to England. We said of him, poor Manikkam, Money-come, Money-no-come, Money-go. But, true to her horoscope, his grandmother had died with punctuality rare for an Indian. Manikkam was in England, a clerk on the British Railways.*]

My story's about a boy who wanted to catch a sparrow, he said, his eyes lighting up cinematographically. Y'know, I want to show the boy sitting in a drab furnished flat in London, a match-box room, feeling like a part of geometry and not of life, that's what I want to say. One day he picked up a sparrow that lay hurt by a catapulting urchin on the road. He had been given a birching that morning, the boy who picked up the sparrow. I've got a good way of putting that too: when he picked up the sparrow it was as if he was picking up the pain that had somehow dropped from his buttocks on to the road. How d'you like that?

Good, I said.

The boy picks up the sparrow, and goes home. He has no turmeric to put on the wound. In India he has always seen turmeric being put on wounds, so he runs down the Hampstead Road, into Tottenham Court Road and Charing Cross Road, to the Indian spices shop in Soho, all the time the pain burning inside him like hard nuts of anthracite. I must tell you, this is just a mood story, y'know what I mean.

I understand perfectly, I said.

So, he went on, the sparrow dies. The boy catches another sparrow when he's five years older, and this one doesn't die. But the moment he had caught it, something died in it, it was as if, and I must use the expression again, as if its eyes had become concentric circles, its tail a mad straight line that never seemed to join at any two points. That's an idea, I'll call the story, Part of Geometry.

Yes, that's a nice title, I said, it brings in the mood you want to portray. But it's not coherent.

Oh, he said, it's part of a bigger story. Actually the first story's called Mau Mau in Hampstead. It's about coloured people living in furnished rooms, being exploited by uncoloured landlords. This boy being an Indian starts a Movement. Y'know all Indians have Movements in their system. A West Indian living in the same flat says to him: Boy, my landlady in Paddington cleaned the room and gave us white linen every week. This chap's hard, man, and he comes every Monday for his money. We gotta talk to him. Another fellow says: I heard some place we gotta get rebates on the shillings we put in the gas meter. This boy thinks all this bitterness is a good basis for a Movement. The Furnished Flats Tenants Union. All the Union members take their landlords to the Rent Tribunal and when every landlord gives every furnished tenant notice they all go on the streets in a mass parade.

But where does your story start and end? I asked.

It starts with The Sun In My Skin. I don't think I've told you the theme before. It's about an Indian farmer and his son, and the father and son stand shoulder to shoulder in the head high

DOWN GOES THE PLUNGER and in the river distance a white, white plume goes up, sudden and silent. Seconds later comes the sound, the crack of the explosion, a thundering, a rumbling. The jam is cleared. The logs are free to jostle and leap and run with the current, glistening, wet, shining as they go, travelling with the river to the mills. It's all in the day's work in Scandinavia where, at Bowaters' groundwood mills, spruce is pulped and pressed, baled and loaded into ships to cross the North Sea, destined for the Bowater paper mills in the United Kingdom.

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corn. The corn is as ripe as the moment. The son is educated, he wants to break into the new world. Mind you, it's an old theme, it's only the technique that I want to exploit. You might call it symbolism. For example, the scene when the son comes back to his father, to orthodoxy. I want to say: and the father and son stood shoulder to shoulder in the head high corn. (Mark the repetition, he said.) It was a moment that they both felt they had lived before. Yet there was something different about it, a moment grown old with wisdom, maturer, and they both knew it when they saw a pod of wheat burst open involuntarily and fall into the soil. The seed was back in the soil. That's the technique I mean. It's the Indian way of saying it that I want to try out.

Depends on how you say it, of course, I said.

Yes, that's the main thing. That's why I'm afraid. I don't want to write till I'm ready. Like ripe fruit it must fall off by itself.

Over-ripe fruit sometimes rots on the tree, I said.

That's true, he said. I've had to throw away quite a few story beginnings like that. Like the one about Raman, that's the boy, working as a clerk on the British Railways. Every night when he came home he said to himself: I see strange faces around me, bodies like empty milk bottles on the door-step, dapper white. He's a clerk and he wants to write but the sheer struggle for existence doesn't allow him breathing space to do it in. In the morning he opens the window and a few rays of English sunshine come tripping into the room. Raman knew it was Sunday, but Sunday to him was now sweeping-the-carpet day, and washing-his-shirts day. Quietly he got up and politely, very politely, he pushed the sunlight out of the room. If he wasn't getting a chance to put a word on paper, there wasn't any need for Vitamin D. I don't like the last line, but you get the idea, don't you?

Yes, the mood story too must have a basis, and you've got that, I said, you've certainly captured the mood.

There's an ending to this story that I rather like, he said. Raman counted his pay, and all the while phrases kept spinning in his head, Indian thought and English sentences came together and flew apart, and as he counted, 1, 2, 3, 4, he knew that, tired of fluttering in the dark cardboard box of his mind, the moths that had grown out of the chrysalis of his thought were dying slowly, 5, 6, 7 pounds ten.

That's nice, I said, especially the way you get in the 5, 6, 7 pounds ten at the end.

Y'know, I once saw a chap falling off the edge of a platform and being smashed to smeareereens by a fast train.

What's smeareereens? That's a new one.

Yes, he said. That's the way I feel. My thought's so arrantly careless, it stands on the edge of the platform and the fast train comes smashing it to smeareereens. Y'know, I use the word to show that only my smears remain.

You've got to sit down and write it out, I said. You have something in you.

Yes, he replied, I've got to evolve a style of my own. Like the man who ate mango pickle and remembered.

Ate mango pickle and remembered? This was beyond me.

Yes, he said slowly, taking each frustrated word out of his mouth and laying them across the table. Ate mango pickle. . . .

V. ANANT

1745 When Bonnie PRINCE CHARLES reached Scotland aboard the French ship LA DOUTELLE he brought with him the recipe of his OWN liqueur. This recipe is the ROMANTIC origin of the aristocrat of liqueurs, DRAMBUIE.

The Arts and Entertainment

NO BISHOP, NO BONFIRE

THE name of Sean O'Casey is potent still in Dublin. The Gaiety Theatre was packed out on the first night and there were small crowds of young men and women outside the doors chanting "We want seats." The audience itself was crackling with excitement, delighted at the sense of a big occasion, ready to laugh or cry and, above all, ready to shout down the interruptions that were expected from militant pietists, maddened by the muezzins of a local weekly paper. No other living dramatist could have created such an audience, ready to do half his work for him before ever the curtain went up. When the curtain went down on the last act there was a round of polite applause, matched by a little timid booing from the shock troops of the Right. Mr. Cyril Cusack made his curtain speech with the air of Ajax defying a damp Monday evening, and the great audience sagged sadly homewards.

To achieve this effect, in such conditions, took the exile of Totnes three maundering hours, twelve ventriloquists' dummies and the kind of prose that he puts in his autobiographies. Nothing less would have done it. The director, Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, in a well-meant effort to deaden the pain, induced several of the players to attempt their more embarrassingly lyrical speeches at a pace greater than the speed of sound, but intelligible snatches broke through occasionally: "What's the gold of his mitre to the gold on the gorse?"; "You can't hide the lure of your figure behind a *tenebrae* cloak." A few such missiles made one thankful—after a first thoughtless phase of irritation—for the Great Guthrie Barrier.

The action of the play—which consists of a revolver shot in the third act—takes place in a contemporary Irish country town, peopled, as it seemed, by refugees from the Dublin tram strike of 1913. Many familiar faces are there: the Arrogant Canon, the Gombeen Man, the Wise Old Vagabond, the Spoiled Priest, the Pious Repressed Virgin, and that venerable Abbey property—the Good-Priest-through-whom-the-author-can-express-his-own-liberal-and-anticlerical-sentiments. Mr. Paul Vincent Carroll made this last character a Canon; Mr. O'Casey, more class conscious, makes him a Curate. The pretext for the volubility of these characters is the impending arrival of the Bishop. We never see the Bishop, and we hear nothing about him except that he is of peasant origin, a fact which Mr. O'Casey—wobbling surely from the Line?—appears to consider regrettable.

For the rest, what have we? Sub-plots indicate—and indeed add to—the General Frustration of Irish Life. The Spoiled Priest is in love with the P.R. Virgin and shoots her dead, whereupon she writes out and signs a confession of suicide. Everyone drinks a great deal of exotic Devonian beverages like gin, with effects improbable both in their nature and their rapidity. There is some surprisingly cautious sniping at the clergy. Characters in Abbey plays by Mr. Carroll, Mr. M. J. Malloy and Mr. Seumas Burn—not to mention a recent non-Abbey play by Mr. Brendan Behan—have been more outspoken on Mr. O'Casey's themes than any of the cast of *The Bishop's Bonfire*.

The players seemed to do their best, against the sheer weight of Mr. O'Casey and the baffling speed of Mr. Guthrie. Mr. Cusack's considerable talents were defeated by the part of the Codger—poor Joxer Daly in the last stages of verbal auto-intoxication, with a marked Joyce-Synge syndrome and the type of brain-softening which has come to be known to Abbey playgoers as Fiddler's Wisdom.

The only person deserving much credit in the whole sorry business is Mr. Eddie Byrne who, in the part of the Gombeen Man, showed incomparable courage and resource and who managed to bring the house down more than once, equipped only with lines like: "*Monsignor*, you gom!" There were moments, as Mr. Byrne was speaking, when one fancied oneself at an O'Casey play.

DONAT O'DONNELL

Concerts and Opera

THE visit of the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra provided an exhilarating occasion. Eugen Jochum atoned for his failure to produce the announced Karl Amadeus Hartmann symphony at the first of the orchestra's two Festival Hall concerts by giving, at the second, a superlative performance of Bruckner's Fourth. Such a performance may well do for Bruckner what the Danes did, a few years ago, for Nielsen. The situation is not quite parallel because Nielsen was previously almost totally unknown, whereas this particular symphony long hovered on the outer edge of the English repertory, and even before the war was available on the gramophone. Nevertheless, the unhurried grandeur and simplicity of Jochum's reading and the glowing, transparent beauty of the orchestral sound were calculated to undermine the defences of the most unsympathetic listener. Bruckner is a composer who makes no effect unless he is played with loving conviction; the Munich players treated him as though he were a sort of Schubert who had acquired a Wagnerian depth and resonance, and the scales fell from our eyes. The orchestra, of fine quality throughout, is particularly notable for the roundness and security of its brass choir. The woodwind, individually excellent, are in consort too sparing of pianissimi; instances of this failing were to be observed here and there in a generally fine reading of Brahms's *Alto Rhapsody*. In this work, and in a florid aria by Handel, Lore Fischer proved herself a contralto of remarkable attainments. Her downward portamento of a minor ninth, at "Die Öde verschlingt ihn," was executed with rare mastery; in the succeeding A

flat cantilena a more inward, contemplative tone was required.

I envy those who manage to derive theatrical pleasure and spiritual uplift from that medley of mumbo-jumbo and buffoonery, *The Magic Flute*. The music is of incomparable beauty, but the action is that of a naive strip cartoon. It is all very well to sit back in our study and expatiate on the unfolding personalities of Tamino and Pamina or on the opera's anticipations of Beethoven and Wagner and resemblances to Shakespeare's *Tempest*. It is a very different thing to endure once again, in the theatre, Sarastro prosing away to the priests, or Papageno coyly pretending to be a teeny old woman. There are two episodes in which the combination of music and spectacle can be overwhelming: the scene in which Papageno's bells compel Monostatos and his blackamoors—and all the evil in the world—to dance out of sight; and the scene that begins with the Two Armed Men and ends with the Trials of Fire and Water. In the new Sadler's Wells production the first of these scenes is successful because it is well performed; the second fails because it depends on being visually impressive. Motley have done such good work in theatre and opera-house in the past that the total failure of their *Flute* comes as a surprise. The stage is cluttered up with mean shapes and drab colours. The evening began with the novel spectacle of Tamino wrestling with a floppy snake in his right hand—for all the world like Nervo at grips with a mad Hoover. Sarastro's temples had their names (WISDOM, NATURE and REASON) printed on dangling labels which looked like those useful tags which tell us whether a decanter contains WHISKY or SHERRY. Musically, the performance was happier, though weak at the priestly end of the scale. Denis Dowling was an amusing, though unendearing, Papageno; Thomas Round a forthright Tamino; Patricia Howard a Pamina who sang her G minor aria with uncommon firmness but lacked pathos. More variety, both in colour and in volume, is wanted from most of the singers, and a stricter adherence to the beat. Rudolf Schwarz inclined to adopt tempi too slow for the comparatively light-weight English words, but he drew very sensitive playing from the orchestra, and when the ensemble has had time to settle down, the musical side of the performance should be satisfactory.

Deputising at short notice for Wilma Lipp, Adèle Leigh scored a considerable success at Covent Garden in *Manon*: her legato phrasing of the difficult "N'est-ce plus ma main?", in the St-Sulpice scene, was highly accomplished, and with a little more glitter in the Cours-la-Reine, and a more supple accompanist than Reginald Goodall, she may go far in this role. John Lanigan made a smooth and lyrical Des Grieux; but he must not enter carrying a suitcase! On the whole, this was a very creditable attempt at an alien idiom. The full flavour of *Manon* depends on the French text; but, since there are at present no French singers of the calibre of Ninon Vallin or Edmond Clément, it is better to enjoy an honest English approximation, such as we now get at Covent Garden, than to import a Gallic steam-whistle—or a cosy Viennese soubrette.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Martin Bloch

I ONLY met Martin Bloch once or twice quite casually. As a person he had that buoyancy, that capacity to be delighted which nowadays only men of about seventy seem to possess. We have all heard too late about Martin Bloch—or nearly all, because although he did have a few supporters he was consistently neglected and underestimated during his lifetime. Will we ever learn this lesson, realise that life can always be more tragic than death just because there can be so great a failure of response, whereas in death obviously none is needed?

The 34 paintings and the drawings, now at the Beaux Arts, date from 1914 to 1954. The two earliest—an interior and a picture of some Basque washerwomen in marvellous sunlight—show the influence of Matisse but also prove that even at the age of thirty Bloch was an original artist who could control colour; who could call colour to be still, spur it into movement, hold it in the formation of perspective, yet let it step to the beat of the light. Later he learnt from Munch how to consider the specifically emotional effects of colour and from Cézanne how to use colour to simplify and simultaneously condense the structure of his subject.

Most of these paintings are from Bloch's fully mature period—the last ten years of his life. The majority are landscapes with and without figures. Bloch came to this country as a refugee in 1934, but obviously took to the English landscape for its own sake, not just because he happened to be here. All his late canvases have a superficially similar appearance. The tonal contrasts are muted. The brush strokes are loose but tentative. On the surface his pictures have a worn look because he scraped a good deal; their imprint is like that of a much fingered coin, only one that has somehow remained clean. But beneath this wornness, this mellowness, there is an engraver's precision. Every turn, rise and fall of the hill and street is there, but reticently so because Bloch believed that the spirit with which the whole subject was seen was more important than any single part.

His vision fell on his subject as softly and completely as snow; only, far from being cold, his vision was affectionate and colourful. The lights of Bangor in the dusk are as generous and golden as harvest moons; the sky behind Blackmore Vale is the colour of the marigold "that goes to bed wi' the sun, And with him rises weeping"; the quarry workers returning home are seen as though by the light of a lamp reflected in a window against the night sky. In some ways the texture of his colour is similar to Bonnard's; but whereas the vibrations of Bonnard's colour separate one from the subject—forming an eighth skin—the vibrations of Bloch's bring one to the shy heart of it.

OSCAR HOBSON:

A Tribute

The Financial Times in its weekly column "Men and Matters" recently had this to say about the News Chronicle City Editor

"No honour could have given greater pleasure to the City than the knighthood conferred upon Mr. Oscar Hobson in the New Year's List This was an imaginative selection, and one altogether appropriate.

"Mr. Hobson has always been a steady critic of the money-tamperers in Whitehall, and of the "get-rich-quickly" people who have misused the machinery by which the City of London has become the most intelligent and far-seeing of world financial centres.

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NEWS CHRONICLE

The most remarkable thing about Bloch's paintings is their sense of unity. This is partly because they are well composed and patiently constructed. But it has far more to do with the attitude of mind behind them. One of his students told me that he used to say, "Begin your picture tentatively—anybody can be bold on a white canvas. It's with your last stroke that you should risk everything." In front of many paintings, and particularly expressionist ones, you feel that they have been created as a compensation to offset some lack or loss suffered by the artist. In Bloch's case this is not so. It is for this reason I think that he could paint a hospital ward like a wood and yet make every brush mark express the restlessness of the ill: that when he painted Bangor he made one feel that he had gathered the whole town into his hand to look at it. I don't want to exaggerate. Bloch was not of the very greatest. Occasionally he was a weak draughtsman—at other times a fair one. But he was that rare sort of artist who makes one realise that culture has nothing to do with what is paraded under its easy name but only with what is dedicated.

The 400 exhibits in *The Arts of the T'ang Dynasty* at the Arts Council are mostly fabulous: jars, ewers, dishes, vases that seem to fly and to have gathered their decoration from the air: glass bracelets, silver scissors, bronze and porcelain. But besides evoking awe (and shame at one's ignorance) this exhibition poses a problem about the very nature of art. Most visitors will probably agree that some of the pottery figures and horses are as impressive as anything else on show. There is one piece (No. 52) of a woman on a galloping horse which seems to me as fine as any animal sculpture I have seen. Yet these animals and figures were produced in their thousands, were *cast*, not worked individually, were buried as soon as they were made, and were the work of definitely inferior artists in a society highly self-conscious of its art. The most likely answer is that there are no aesthetic absolutes.

JOHN BERGER

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Antonio's Spanish Ballet

AFTER watching mediocre performances of dancing month after month, it comes as a shock to see one that is first class. Antonio and his Spanish Ballet, now playing for six weeks at the Palace Theatre, is a more perfectly integrated company than any I have seen since the Soviet *Beryozhka*, over which it has two advantages: there are male dancers of the highest quality, and in the choreography there is a far wider variety of expression. The Spanish dancers are all expert, young, handsome and gay, with temperaments so stimulating that the audience is soon infected and joins in with shouts of encouragement. Yet the discipline of the *corps*, as well as that of the soloists, remains absolutely concentrated. It is this kind of fanatical concentration that makes the routine work of a *corps de ballet* vital, rather than mothily discomposed.

Antonio himself is the finest male dancer that has been seen in London since the war. I suspect he is the finest male dancer in the world. By this I do not refer to his technique alone. The fact that he is good-looking, that his personality is attractive and that he is able to express passions with zest and charm, all combine to perfect his artistry. But it is his legs that are outstanding; the feet beating with the finesse of clockwork, counterpointing the music as neatly as turning cogs. His upper body, forever braced in an arched, feline poise, is so steady and finely balanced that the slightest lift or fall reveals new beauty. The tension of his mating dances, where he moves a hair's breadth from his partner, but never touches her, circling, leading and following, are far more exciting to the senses than all the sticky embraces to which modern ballet lovers are addicted. In *Seguiryas Gitanas* the three encores were not enough. Love, humour and hate are so cunningly blended in this *pas de deux* with Carmen Rojas that the audience as well as the dancers were driven into a kind of frenzy. Carmen Rojas is a lovely dancer who has mastered the art of the slow opening held back and back, till at last the tension snaps and she breaks into a delirium of stamping, lashing the flounced tail of her skirt like a whip. Antonio's second partner is Rosita Segovia, one who can make her castanets whisper or call to her lovers more subtly than any words. In the suite of Basque dances she is especially piquant. It seems in this charming ensemble that the stage is filled with cat-footed people, padding lightly and elegantly to and fro in their brilliant peasant costumes. The clothes throughout are handsome in the conventional styles, but the lighting is often over-dramatised. The one great failure comes from the orchestra, which trails along dismally without rhythm or fire. It is a relief when the native guitarists and Flamenco singers support the dancers in its stead.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Look and Listen

"THIS vast new robot organisation of television and B.B.C. broadcasting": the Prime Minister's words, in his statement in the House the other day on the fourteen-day rule banning radio discussion of topics in Parliament, expressed consummately, it seems to me, the attitude towards broadcasting and TV of the conservative-minded. Broadcasting and television are dangerous and must be controlled because of their possible effects on the ignorant masses. At any point from about 1750 to 1850 the Press would have been substituted for broadcasting and television, but the argument remains the same. It is a formidable one and can be countered, I think, only by an act of faith, which might be expressed negatively as follows: though it may be true that the people are not to be trusted, all experience shows that *élites* are not to be trusted either; and faced with a choice between evils, one plumps for the less repugnant, the people, if only because one belongs to them.

In theory in this country we trust the people; in practice we lean heavily upon the notion of *élites*. In a very interesting discussion programme in the Third last week, *A Reasonable View of Obscenity*, Mr. Norman St. John-Stevas pointed out, if I understood him rightly, the class bias implicit in some aspects of the law on obscenity. This class bias, which carries with it the notion of a privileged *élite*, needless to say never openly stated, runs through English life and, so far as one sees it reflected in broadcasting, is on the increase. More than ever, the masses are to be protected, and if the B.B.C. is negligent here, the vested interests of the Press will be only too pleased to do its job for it. Professional philosophers may debate the existence of God till they are blue in the face, so long as they do so in the Third Programme, for the Third Programme is a menace to no one; but only let a lady attempt to discuss in the Home Service how parents should bring up their children if God does not exist and oh, how quickly the death of liberalism is revealed!

Indeed, I suspect this very discussion on obscenity presupposed an *élite* before it could take place at all. It was excellent, and it could be so because it took place in the relatively tranquil atmosphere of the Third; it was possible there for the speakers—Mr. Annan, Mr. Hart-Davis, Mr. Odgers and Mr. St. John-Stevas—to be reasonable about a subject that normally enflames. One was delighted to hear it; and yet, of course, all the time one longed to be hearing it on the Home Service wavelength. No good asking why it wasn't there: a reasonable view of obscenity is precisely what, on previous evidence, a considerable section of the Press is certainly not going to allow. Mr. Noel Annan's views on obscenity are well known to readers of this journal. But it is only too easy to imagine with what glee Mr. Annan's remarks would have been seized upon in the Press if they had been delivered to a wide public, and how garbled the "exposure" would have been.

Well, the Third proved its value once again. But it still remains true that there is in practice one law for listeners to the Third and for readers of THE NEW STATESMAN, and another for the rest of the community. How is one to break down this distrust, so deep-rooted as almost to be instinctive, of radio and TV? In fact, it may not be possible to do so, at least for many years. The distrust is not always honest; and sometimes, one guesses, honesty may be a factor in its strength; the Prime Minister knows from his own personal wartime experience how potent the influence of broadcasting can be, and he may well be alarmed at its power. But the simple fact is, radio and television exist, and they will become more powerful, not less. In the end, the boldest attitude will probably prove the best: "The way is—to the destructive element submit yourself, and with the exertions of your hands and feet in the water make the deep, deep sea keep you up."

Meanwhile, what one can keep on doing is to point out what actually occurs in radio and television. Two evenings before the Prime Minister spoke in the House we had, for example, the first of three programmes *We, the French*, on television. This first programme, on the French people, seemed to me remarkable. As film it was very good indeed, but what really distinguished it was just this quality of objectivity. M. Sauvy shirked nothing, whether it was the deep conservatism of the older peasants, alcoholism, or the Frenchman's extreme individualism; and the sequence on French education, with the accompanying difficulty of training enough scientists, was especially illuminating. It was frank and critical—and wholly different from the picture of France one gets normally from the English francophile; for here we saw a *young* France rapidly adapting itself to the modern world. If, as I am afraid I think, it is all to the good that as many of us as possible, whether of the "masses" or the *élite*, should understand the French and their problems, then one can only consider this a most distinguished first programme in what should be as important a series as the Television Service has given us.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The End of the Affair," at the Empire
Richard Winnington Memorial Exhibition at the National Film Theatre

"The film was not a good one and at moments it was acutely painful to see situations that had been so real to me twisted into the stock clichés of the screen."

Thus the hero—himself a novelist—of Mr. Graham Greene's novel; and here exactly, in Columbia's *The End of the Affair*, is the sort of film that distressed him. The Greene hero, lame, tortured and torturing, in Clapham, has changed into a puzzled American. The flat has come nearer Belgravia. The seediest club in London, A.B.C.s, cremation, the Common, the routine of authorship, the "onions" of love-making, the possible next girl—all have been dropped. Then the characters have had a good shampoo: private detection slides into a comic interlude, conversion sweeps the field, the priest becomes "a priest." Even the black-out is well-lit. *The End of the Affair* isn't merely simplified Greene, but simplified London, simplified life. How vast the rooms, how non-existent the servants to clean them, the war that only pretends to be in order to provide plot, God as a miracle-worker who has only, with so many resisting, to bide his time!

Mind you, I don't think *The End of the Affair* —the original—unassailable itself. It seems to me, among later Greenes, a cat's-cradling affair, hankering too much after H. James and the Catholic point of view, whereas the subject is rather Dostoevsky's (*The Eternal Husband*). As an analysis of the seamy side of love its brilliant cruelties are offset finally by some flagrant string-pulling and an unhappy get-together from all sides on the spiritual plane. This may provide satisfactory reading for the elect (though I doubt it) but for anyone else the bias, the pre-arrangement will seem too obvious: e.g., the atheist *must* have a hideous port-wine stain, which will be suddenly whisked away, leaving him naked to the four winds of heaven. Lameness has already warped the hero; and the heroine's mother had her secretly baptised at the age of two. . . . What chiefly emerges in the film of these salvational tangles is a growing sense that cynicism and the light don't mix.

The bigger "miracle" takes some swallowing. A doodle-bug has flattened Bendrix (the novelist lover) under the front door, and thinking him dead, Sarah prays to a God she doesn't believe in to bring him back, promising to give him up and stick by Henry. In walks Bendrix. Miracle or not? Should the promise bind or shouldn't it? Isn't the shabby love affair a pre-figuration of love the most sacred?

With such throbs all the reality of the characters goes, for me, out of the story. I wait on to see how it will finish, that's all. Miss Deborah Kerr, who has made a pretty good job of Sarah up to this point—with "the onions" necessarily subdued—can't do much more than look wet and wan, start coughing, and vanish into that upper room which will be the first step on the heavenly ladder. Only the husband (Peter Cushing), the civil servant to whom cuckoldries come like decorations, really survives the impossible journey from page to screen—a taking performance. Still, the bite of dialogue, the love story, and the professional glimpses make the film perhaps worth seeing.

At the National Film Theatre we are taken back to the time when, on Fridays, the *News Chronicle* would be garlanded by the drawings of the late Richard Winnington. He was a hammering critic, but a dandy with his pen. Fifty or so of his best sketches revive the elegant malice of his Merle Oberon and his Gable, his Greenstreet and Lorre, his Granger and Jones—so much more appealing, in most instances, than the originals. Absurdity, that always seeks its arcadia, found it here.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

THE DILEMMA OF THE H-BOMB

SIR,—All praise to Mr. Crossman and Mr. Wigg for their brilliant analysis of Britain's Defence strategy; but many of us, faced with the facts they present, will reach a different conclusion from theirs. The most important new development of the past year is the announcement that we shall use "the full weight of our nuclear power" the moment the enemy launches an attack that might threaten a major war. This means that all political control over the use of the H-bomb has already been surrendered; and the calm with which the Labour Movement has accepted this new development is astonishing. We have now condoned a policy based not on retaliation but on anticipation, a policy calculated to heighten tension and give a further bias towards preventive war.

The White Paper illustrates the danger by its admission that "great advantages would probably flow from surprise and the first assault." This has no doubt given great comfort to the Generals of the U.S. Strategic Air Command whose mood was so vividly described by Cassandra in the *Daily Mirror* a few days ago under the heading "1,200 Jets Poised for Instant Destruction . . . Impressive, Brilliant, Disturbing." Cassandra, who is no alarmist, reports General Le May as telling him "that when it comes to trading knock-out punches . . . it might not be the best policy to sit and wait until you are hit so hard that you never wake up again." To suggest in this context that we should base our main defence on manufacturing H-bombs is to lend our support to the doctrine of "massive instant retaliation" which the Left has been denouncing for so long.

I am at a loss to understand your writers' argument that it will somehow make us more independent of America. The U.S. already has enough H-bombs to wage the "36-hour war" comfortably on her own. Indeed, the real problem is that America is rapidly

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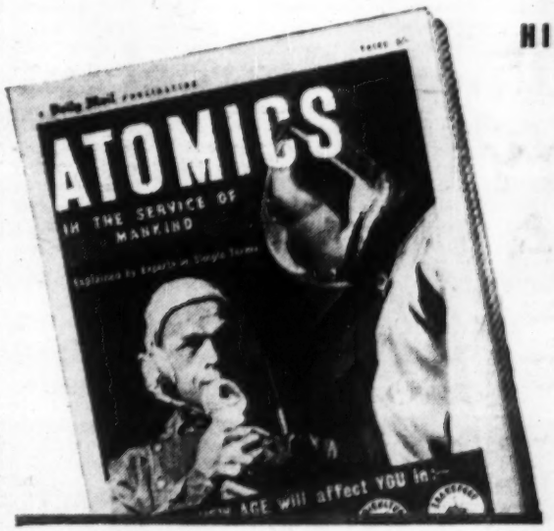

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becoming independent of us. With her fleet of B47 and B52 jet bombers capable, thanks to refuelling in the air, of making the journey to Russia and back in one mission, and with the development of the North Pole route, America may soon decide that her bases in Britain are not only unnecessary but a liability. In this situation Britain's military influence on the war of the giants is already an illusion. If without the bomb we have no political or moral influence, then we had better face the fact that we have no influence at all. The only way to find out whether this is so, is to try using our influence now to insist on immediate talks with the Russians on the political issues which are the source of tension. Instead of chasing the moonbeam of "negotiating from strength" with the Americans, Britain ought to be giving a lead to the world in retracing its steps back along the road from thermo-nuclear destruction.

There is no military value in our adding to the West's stockpile of H-bombs. There would be great political value to the world if the Labour Movement were to take a cosmic view of the dangers of a thermo-nuclear arms race and to refuse to add our quota of H-bombs in support of a diplomacy that believes we can get peace by frightening each other to death.

I believe that Britain's decision makes disarmament less, and not more, likely. And it is because the Opposition's motion of censure on Wednesday failed to denounce this decision that I, for one, could not vote for the motion.

House of Commons. BARBARA CASTLE

SIR,—The Crossman-Wigg analysis of the issues raised by the Defence White Paper starts by leaving out half the subject (Asia), skates over the real issues, and arrives at the wrong conclusion. The root of the matter is contained in Mr. Attlee's remark, made long ago (House of Commons, 9 March, 1936) that it is impossible to separate foreign policy from Defence, and that very often a country's Defence policy shows what are the realities of its foreign policy. It is so in this case. Our Defence policy is suicidal, because it subserves a foreign policy that is indefensible.

The White Paper says conventional arms are necessary for waging the cold war against "Communist infiltration and subversion." The fate of Guatemala, what the United States are doing to China, and the decisions of the Seato Conference, show what that means: there is to be armed intervention in States where parties in power, or likely to win power—even by purely internal means (Siam, China), and even where those means are constitutional (Cambodia, Vietnam, Laos)—may change the social order. The H-bomb is to deter the Soviet Union or China from giving help to weaker allies resisting Western intervention in their internal affairs.

That policy is aggressive and incompatible with peaceful co-existence. The Labour Party should oppose the manufacture of the H-bomb as part of a challenge to what the Tories mean by Defence. The Party should point out that the only way to prevent another war is a genuinely "peaceful co-existence" foreign policy. The H-bomb is not necessary to that policy. And it cannot prevent a war that will destroy us being touched off, by accident or design, by the policy of anti-Communist intervention.

Labour's second job should be to insist that we shall not be committed by the United States to going to war when we do not agree on how to make peace. If we cannot stand together on foreign policy, we must part company on Defence. Labour should apply that principle to the present situation in Europe and Asia. It is misleading and defeatist to say that the alternative to unconditional membership of the American alliance is neutrality, leaving "Nato run by a Washington-Bonn Axis without the restraining influence of Britain." It is standing reality on its head to assert that "a Labour Government bent on curbing irresponsible American policies could not afford to renounce Nato, and a Labour Government bent on high-level disarmament talks will probably carry more weight in the Kremlin if it possesses the H-bomb." Neither the Americans, nor the Russians will be impressed by the views of a British Government that always ends by toeing the American line, even if it produces a few home-made H-bombs in three or four years (by which time, the Americans reckon, the Soviet alliance will in any case have caught up with the West in this field).

Even in the Far East, where we are no longer a Great Power, the United States have shown they will not risk a world war after Britain tells them they would have to fight alone. In Europe, the West European Union, which is the military and political core of Nato, would collapse without British support. No Government in Bonn or Paris could long survive if it refused to join with Britain in negotiating an all-European settlement, including the unification of Germany and the control of armaments, with the Soviet Union.

The Soviet Union would pay a stiff price for agreement with a British Government determined to pursue a peaceful co-existence foreign policy with or without American assent. If Britain took a firm stand on the principle of no Defence commitments not based on agreed foreign policies, and was active in the Commonwealth, Europe, Asia and the U.N. in rallying support for her "peaceful co-existence" policies, the U.S. would not run amok nor become a hermit State in a huff. But neither could she continue her world policy unchanged. She would have to come to terms.

K. ZILLIACUS

SIR,—Military strategy implies a war situation. At present there is no real war situation, so we are still able to exercise political judgment. The soldiers (and perhaps a majority of ordinary people) assume an existing Russian enemy ready and eager to march into and overrun Europe. Is this much more probable than a mass-raid of witches on broomsticks, unless there is a serious Communist or near-Communist body of people in the overrun country? This seems unlikely in West Europe so long as we have reasonable prosperity and freedom; but these are incompatible with a serious armaments race such as is now proposed.

We must realise that it looks, from Russia, as though America had "overrun" Europe. To be really neutralist, perhaps we should have Norfolk (for example) scattered with alternate American and Russian camps, instead of American ones only. Both would behave mildly badly and be rather unpopular, except with the local tarts; but both would contain delightful individuals. The Americans would distribute Comics, the Russians Marxist pamphlet: neither would have a very wide influence. That might be more desirable than the (only half-known) potential dangers of making, testing and stockpiling H-bomb materials, even if they are never seriously used.

Carradale. NAOMI MITCHISON

SIR,—In their illuminating article Mr. Crossman and Mr. Wigg urge that Britain should remain in Nato and manufacture H-bombs as "the ultimate deterrent," while using diplomatic means to avoid the predicament of war. They dismiss the alternative of neutrality, while admitting that American policy may finally force us into it.

Surely that point has already been reached. The Americans have ordered their forces to defend Quemoy in disregard, apparently, of the "dismay" caused over here by that policy. What follows? A Chinese attempt on Quemoy (which nobody denies is a Chinese island) may be resisted by America and involve total war in the Far East. Presumably we shall then proclaim our neutrality. But of what use will that be when strong American bomber bases exist in our country? Our neutrality is compromised in advance. We are in the position in which Belgium would have been in 1914 had she admitted the Germans to her territory *before* the declaration of war, as a guarantee against French aggression.

Surely it is time we Britons displayed what Messrs. Crossman and Wigg dub "narrow, national self-interest" and declared uncompromising neutrality, with the corollary of serving notice to quit on the American forces over here. After all, we were told in 1948 that they were here for "temporary training," and they have trained long enough. ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

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SCOTLAND FOR EVER

SIR,—Mr. Ian R. Hamilton says that "Hugh MacDiarmidism and the savage creed of 'Scotland, free and neutral'" finds little support in Scotland. I do not think this is the case and challenge Mr. Hamilton to show that he has any real ground for his assertion. He should certainly be wary of underestimating an opponent. His use of the adjective "savage" is revealing. As Mr. G. S. Fraser in his review in your pages of the late Sir Reginald Coupland's *Welsh and Scottish Nationalism* pointed out, coupling my name to my satisfaction with that of my "opposite number" in Wales, Mr. Saunders Lewis, my policy is designed to enable Scotland to keep clear of future wars instead of being automatically involved in all England's wild-cat adventures as in the past. It is surely an extraordinary nuisance of language to characterise this as "savage," when, in fact, it is designed to enable Scotland to dissociate itself from such savageries as —to go no further back—have recently occurred in Korea, Kenya, British Guiana, Malaya and elsewhere, and, indeed, from being dragged into any war approved by the permanent English majority in the House of Commons without the people of Scotland having any effective say in the matter at all.

HUGH MACDIARMID

HUMPHRY HOUSE

SIR,—The sudden death of Humphry House at the early age of 46 will be deplored by readers who enjoyed his all-too-rare contributions to this journal. They will have learned from obituaries something of the forcefulness and charm of his personality but they have been told little of his eminence as a scholar. As one of his admirers, perhaps I may be allowed to suggest what his loss means. His chosen field of study was the nineteenth century, where his interests ranged from Coleridge to Hopkins, whose notebooks he edited in 1937 as an essential preliminary to a study of the poet's work. The very miscellaneousness of the material—journals, sermons, essays, lectures—presented sufficiently difficult problems of presentation, but the notes required a breadth of learning scarcely to be expected in a man of 28. It was immediately recognised as an indispensable source for every student of Hopkins and, though it is now out of print, a revised edition was almost complete when House died.

But his most impressive achievements were in Dickens scholarship, an immense field, full of the rankest growths, which the academic scholar had been shy of entering. There was no adequate biography, no edition of Dickens's letters which could lay claim either to accuracy or to completeness, no satisfactory edition of the novels and, though there were many critical studies, few were based on a thorough knowledge of the period. House began to change all that. His *The Dickens World* (1941) was the first serious attempt to examine the novels in the context of Victorian social and economic history, a task to which he brought an immense fund of minute and accurate learning; he was at work on a complete edition of the letters and, shortly before his death, he was discussing plans for an edition of the novels which might justly be called standard. The novels must now be left to some other hand though, if we should ever see them in the form which they deserve, their presentation will owe much to his leadership. But the edition of the letters is well advanced, and there are good grounds for hoping that the work will be completed. It is here that his remarkable powers of organisation found their fullest scope. Six years ago he showed me what he called his Bible, ten closely typed quarto pages setting out in detail the procedure to be followed by him and his associate editors. I had had some experience in planning an edition and directing the work of fellow-editors, and I know a good deal about the humiliation of improvising when confronted with unforeseen difficulties. But here it seemed to me that every problem had been anticipated even to such minutiæ as the standardising of abbreviations and the lettering on the spines of the volumes. Although he paid meticulous attention to texts (and had detected at least one clever forgery) I fancy his heart was in the job of annotation, where his learning and his organising ability will now be sadly missed. The crispness of the notes in his Hopkins show what he could do.

I run the risk of making House seem a pedant. He certainly possessed the pedant's devotion to detail: nothing was too small to engage his attention. But with his enviable powers of synthesis he knew how to use detail in the service of the broader critical assessment. He kept that always before him; and it was because he had first assessed the importance of detail, which escaped the attention of more hasty critics, that his essays, his broadcast talks, and more especially his lectures on Coleridge were so soundly based and so rewarding.

JOHN BUTT

University of Durham.

NATIONALISED INDUSTRY

SIR,—In your comment on the Fleck Committee's report on the Coal Board you complain that it attempts "to assimilate the N.C.B. to the practice of big capitalist business. It is therefore contrary to the spirit in which nationalisation was meant to be carried out when a Labour Government introduced it."

If the latter statement is true, then why, in heaven's name, did not the Labour Ministers concerned ever say so? I have been a member of one of the nationalised Boards since its inception. Four Labour Ministers in succession were concerned with it, and none of them uttered so much as a syllable by way of precept as to how we should behave. Indeed, believe it or not, only one of them ever expressed a desire even to meet the Board for whose membership he was responsible, and then only so casually and at such short notice that many of us could not manage to be there.

Burford, Oxon. R. H. THORNTON

INDIAN PAINTING

SIR,—India is now seeing the return of numerous students who came to study art in Europe immediately after the war, and it is timely, therefore, that Mr. Berger should outline the main problems they are facing. Although there is practically no market for their work, frequent group exhibitions and one-man shows are to be seen in all the big cities. Bombay has a sumptuous new public gallery which is available for hire to artists. Stylistically there is a tendency for the old mixture of Moghul and Gupta motifs which used to be the recipe for "Indian style" painting to be replaced by a new mixture. Fauve and similar mannerisms are combined with details from any folk culture with which the artist can claim kinship. Pure abstract painting has little appeal for the Indian artist and most of them seem unhappy with the extreme formalisations they have brought from Paris, probably because these are in conflict with the popular symbolism which comes natural to them.

The emancipation of peasant peoples, if Mexico and China are examples, calls into existence some form of realism; and should this be the case in India, a tradition of joyous, unaffected humanism lies waiting to be retrieved from the Buddhist cave paintings. Meanwhile in a confused situation, Jamini Roy alone has forged a coherent instrument of expression from elements of Bengal folk art. And some of his recent works are so clearly in harmony with the vivid life of Kalighat, where he has his studio, that the truth of another of Mr. Berger's remarks is apparent: for the realist there is "more than one way home."

HARRY BAINES

THE THAW

SIR,—It is regrettable that your reviewer has dismissed *The Thaw* by Ilya Ehrenburg with such a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. Admittedly it is not an outstanding work of literature, but it has great interest as a picture of Soviet life at a crucial moment in Soviet history and might help to dispel some of the widespread ignorance of Russia noted by Mr. Allen. In this novel Ehrenburg has paused from his more familiar task of exposing the horrors of life in the Western hemisphere in order to survey the home front; and the result is what amounts to a political and cultural manifesto. Its publication in Russia caused a sensation because it frankly alluded to many evils of the regime which had hitherto been unmentionable: political purges (both pre-war and post-war), the victimisation of people with relatives abroad, the prostitution of art, the subordination of living standards to the demands of "Socialist construction," the proliferation of petty tyrants until some political cataclysm in Moscow brings about their downfall, and so on. It is difficult to see how all this can be described as "cosy." Naturally the author had to be fairly cautious, even in the relaxed atmosphere after Stalin's death, but the book must be seen against the general background of obsequious reverence which prevailed in Soviet literature until March, 1953.

Your readers will find a more judicious appraisal of *The Thaw* by Alexander Werth in your issue of September 11, 1954.

H. M. HAYWARD

Department of Russian,
The University, Leeds.

EDWARDIAN DRESS

SIR,—The comparison in your columns between the Edwardian suit and the endeavours of the Society of Industrial Artists was at first startling but, on reflection, gratifying. While I would argue with your correspondents about the border line where visual awareness changes to exhibitionism or narcissism, may I applaud their support of those who (even if their motivation is sometimes suspect) challenge, in their dress, mediocrity by gaiety and drabness by the wish to cut a dash. Even designers are not immune from a fearful conformity, while this country needs a willingness boldly to experiment with new shapes, patterns and colour relationships, if we are to initiate vigorously at the head of the international queue. British designers have already crept well up from the tail. But it is a long climb yet to a position of international leadership in all fields of design, and polite contempt for the unorthodox can be the most inhibiting burden.

MISHA BLACK,
President

The Society of Industrial Artists,
7 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1.

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The Other Side of the Fence

WALTER CITRINE is the easiest man in the world to describe in a few Fleet Street clichés. They call him a "walking encyclopedia," a "human card index," a "living dynamo." Some, less charitably, might say a "dessicated calculating machine." For such distortions, Citrine has only himself to blame. He is shy, almost to the point of gaucherie. He has never adopted the hearty, back-slapping conviviality of so many trade union leaders. His punctilio, meticulous attention to detail, occasional bursts of petulance and irascibility combine to convey the impression of a near-Blimp. Even in appearance he suggests a Colonel (retd.), with a background of Bombay and Cheltenham, rather than Merseyside and Transport House.

But behind his somewhat forbidding façade, Citrine has a genuine human understanding and sympathy for the under-dog, coupled with a brilliant, penetrating intelligence. He also has a mission, an over-riding sense of duty (it was not for nothing that when he received his peerage, he chose as his heraldic motto, ("Pro Recta Labora"). This striving after right may make life trying at times for those in his immediate entourage. It usually ensures that his wishes are carried out.

To comparatively few men is given the chance to follow two careers in public life, and to achieve the highest success in both. This is what Citrine has accomplished both as General Secretary of the T.U.C. and as Chairman of British Electricity His progress, from electrician's mate to electrician's master, from trade unionist to industrialist, sounds like a fairy tale. But there was no fairy godmother to wave a magic wand at the birth in Wallasey, 67 years ago, of Walter McLennan Citrine. Son of a Liverpool seaman, and one of a family of six, he grew up in the dockland slums, and left school at 12 to work for long hours and little pay in a flour mill. His early memories of life in the Nineties, when two pennyworth of cold gin was the working man's only escape from his drab surroundings, contributed to his life-long temperance. They also convinced him in his early Socialism, and his determination to fight poverty and degradation.

Later, Citrine became an electrician and in his spare time studied languages, book-keeping and shorthand. His advice, many years late, to electrical students was: "The one thing you cannot afford to waste is time; every time you hear the clock tick, you have a second less in which to do the things you want to do." One can imagine the young Citrine burning the midnight oil to make up for his lack of proper schooling. Indeed, from early youth to later middle age, he has pursued whatever task he has in hand with a dogged pertinacity which has never left loose ends. Not once has he had to confess himself baffled by any problem. As a young electrician, he produced a useful textbook. At the T.U.C., he published *The ABC of Chairmanship*, which remains the bible for labour party and trade union officials. Even today, if the Chairman of Congress drops a brick, delegates roar out "Read your Citrine." In his brief spell as Member of the Coal Board, he built up a library of books on mining.

As chairman of British Electricity, he keeps abreast of all technical and technological developments, nationally and internationally. He will reel off kilowatts and megowatts, the details of his power stations, built and in building, and a mass of information about his beloved industry. If he has to memorise a set of figures, to meet an expert on his own ground, he will go for a walk before leaving home and repeat them over to himself till they have sunk in. Otherwise, he relies on his notebooks, bulging with facts, carefully tabulated, constantly brought right up to date.

Citrine goes about his private pleasures with the same intensity. He has few hobbies: reading and walking are his main relaxations (he hates gardening). He makes almost a fetish of keeping fit, and still does his "daily dozen." His tastes are not catholic but his reading is thorough. He knows not only his Shakespeare, but his Shakespeareana. He is fond of Tennyson; and, when a young man, he learned chunks of the *Idylls of the King* by heart and incidentally delved into Froissart, Malory and the whole Arthurian Legend. He has little sense of humour, but a good sense of fun. He enjoys a comic situation, but not a "shaggy dog" story. He is self-conscious with people he does not know, and at his happiest among a group of his old T.U.C. cronies. He will unbend on social occasions, among friends or at staff parties. His spirited rendering of "Albert and the Lion" and a (surprising) talent for hand-reading are much appreciated party turns.

Citrine notes his daily doings in a diary—and has done over the years. In all his foreign trips as T.U.C. General Secretary and President of the Trade Union International, he kept daily records, detailing the precise time of take-off and arrival, the hour at which he shaved, breakfasted, dined, the people he met, the conversations he had. Many of these have been published—*I Search For Truth In Russia, My Finnish Diary, My American Diary*—titles which convey much of the character not only of the books, but of the author. And this memory-plus-note-book-technique makes him a formidable adversary. At T.U.C. conferences or committees, he would frequently confront a critic with chapter and verse, and remind him what he had said on a previous occasion. The critic could bluff and bluster, but Citrine had the last word.

Citrine's methods did not make for popularity, but he commanded loyalty and respect. So long as he was at Transport House, he dominated the General Council and Congress. So much so, that one frustrated delegate grumbled that the letters T.U.C. really stood for "Trampled Under Citrine." Had this been all, had he in fact just been a "human card index," Citrine could be regarded as a rather pedantic headmaster. But with his sense of purpose and great ability at administration, he guided the British trade union move-

ment into new waters, at a time when it was floundering in the doldrums. He became assistant secretary of the T.U.C. in 1924, at the early age of 26—in those days the office was run by a man and a boy—and took over the general secretaryship on the death of Fred Bramley, a few months after the end of the General Strike of 1926. Many of the younger men were still looking to Moscow for inspiration, and preaching class war and social upheaval.

Citrine could talk the language of the Left—he was an argumentative militant in the early Twenties, when he came to the National Maritime Board's meetings as delegate of the E.T.U. But he believed, after 1926, that the time had come for fresh thinking. He was always a "success man." The failure of the General Strike persuaded him that the movement must abandon demogogy and think in terms of boardrooms rather than of barricades.

Did he "sell out"? As long ago as 1928, he pronounced his philosophy: "I am impatient with those people who say you can capture control of an industry for the workers, overthrow the present system and build up again from the wreckage. Trade unionism cannot rest as a purely negative phrase. It must reach the stage of constructiveness." Later, he added the corollary that unions must demand efficiency in the conduct of industry. But the unions themselves must make themselves more efficient, so as to speak to the employers from strength. Following that principle, he revolutionised the T.U.C., creating a close-knit organisation at headquarters, and imperceptibly extending its influence over individual unions—much to the resentment of some. At that time, Harold Laski shrewdly observed that Citrine had all the qualities (he listed tact, sympathy, insight, courage, imagination and power) needed to build the foundations of a new unionism. "If he decides to use them, his period of office may mark the turning-point of trade union history." So it proved. Much of what Citrine preached then is now taken for granted. The T.U.C. has virtually become the respectable "fifth estate."

Ernest Bevin was the only man in the T.U.C. big enough to stand up to Citrine, and inevitably there was rivalry between these two giants. Though they thought along parallel lines, they never got on. Bevin was busy building up his own empire and resented the encroaching power of the T.U.C. He found Citrine cold and fussy, while Citrine found Bevin overbearing and selfish. The feud was so bitter that Citrine, it was widely reported, refused to join the Coalition Government, while Bevin was Minister of Labour. He spent the war years, not exactly skulking in his tent, but on the side-lines, prodding, pushing, even lashing Ministries for inefficiencies and bungling which impeded the war effort. No wonder the Government were glad to send him off at intervals to lecture in America!

Citrine, though inwardly sensitive, always bore insults with apparent equanimity and remained imperturbable under fire. He was bitterly attacked by the Left during the Thirties for his anti-Communism, his "Black Circular," his strictures on Russian plumbing and above all for his acceptance of a Knighthood at the hands of Stanley Baldwin. He has always hated being attacked by the Press, and now, as earlier, he dislikes popular journalism. He has a healthy contempt for some of the wilder flights of fancy, journalistic kite-flying and half-truths, and a positive hatred of "leakages." He has mellowed slightly with the years; but, as chairman of B.E.A., he still applies many of the same techniques and methods he used in building up the T.U.C. He takes an almost boyish pride in the achievements of his industry. "What has been achieved since Vesting Day is miraculous," he recently told students at a summer school. Now the doyen of the little corps of Chairmen of Nationalised Industries, who meet regularly over lunch, he is one of the few who can boast a healthy balance sheet and a good labour record.

Citrine fought tooth and nail against the economy axe wielded by Cripps, and he managed to secure far better treatment than many of his less fortunate, and less persistent opposite numbers. A critic complained to the then Fuel Minister that there was no effective co-ordination of coal, gas and electricity policy, as promised in Labour blue-prints. "Have you ever tried to co-ordinate Citrine?" was the plaintive reply. Yet, in spite of the "miraculous" progress of nationalised electricity, Citrine is in many ways a disappointed man. He came to office at the personal request of Mr. Shinwell, with the *idée fixe* that "workers have an undisputable claim to a share in the control of industry." His swan song to the T.U.C., in 1946, was in effect a declaration of faith in the ability of trade union representatives to develop a new spirit of service in public industry, with himself as the pioneer in the process. He has set up an excellent training scheme, and devised an elaborate system of joint consultation, from power station to national level. Yet the unions have shown little enthusiasm and have responded lukewarmedly to their Chairman's call to them to be real partners in the enterprise. Perhaps, in this, Citrine is ahead of his time, just as he was thirty years ago when he called for a new approach to industrial problems. Perhaps, after all, in the struggle between worker and boss, one has to pay a price for changing sides.

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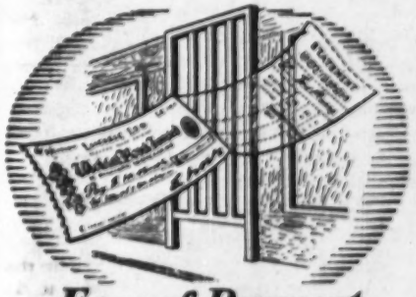

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Miss Compton-Burnett

MISS IVY COMPTON-BURNETT is the most original novelist now writing in English. Her novels are all alike but they are unlike anyone else's in method or matter; yet she remains traditional and without the taint of experimental conceit. One can take her simply as a comfort, an exponent of the comedy of manners, very much in the fashion of Jane Austen, working upon a small corner of late Victorian family life. She can be regarded as an artificial and hard-headed writer like Congreve or Firbank. If we begin by laughing at the wit and devastations of her stylised dialogue, we are likely to end by saying that it is not stylised at all, but is the real speech fitted to the recognisable mind of a few isolated upper-class families of the period. At a certain point of decadence, groups of people acquire the skill and habit of speaking their own epitaphs ("Living? We leave that to our tongues"), cremating their own experience and keeping it in elegant, funerary urns. Miss Compton-Burnett's people chatter like the dead in their graves. Her novels are elegies written in the churchyard or mausoleum of family life. As Mr. Liddell says in an enthusiastic and uncritical little book,* she is the last protest against the Victorian family in the wake of *The Way of All Flesh*; yet she is not a Victorian novelist nor does she create a small, eccentric Victorian revival or pastiche. She is revolutionary.

In this aspect, it is not as silly as it might sound to compare her with the revolutionary in Mr. Hemingway. Both novelists rely on speech rather than narrative; both depend on characters which are anonymous and little described; both remove a good deal of scenery and interpretation from their stories; but whereas Mr. Hemingway sought the lowest common denominator in the dumb ox whose moral and emotional development is well below the technical knowingness of his own acts, Miss Compton-Burnett has created a number of instructed and even agreeable vipers whose moral self-consciousness is equal to every crime or folly they may have fallen into. For creatures who at some time in their lives have committed incest, adultery, murder, suicide, who have tyrannised without mercy, who have indulged to the limit "the forgeries of jealousy" and the inexhaustible suction of possessive love, they are preposterous in self-knowledge and deadly in ironical sting:

> "Experience has done something for us but it has destroyed our natural feeling and now we have to fabricate it—the dying are judges of the real thing."

They please because they share our universal human stupidity and are muddled and insincere in the acts of their lives; they startle us, because of the effrontery with which they ignore their crimes and the stoicism with which they catalogue the consequences in epigrams which—they well know—have been distilled out of pain, tears, even blood. Such a ruthlessness is Elizabethan; it is made tolerable by a sociable if iron mirth, in which monster and victim recognise that there is a difference between our terrible demands and the fancy dresses we necessarily put on them. I quote at random from *Manservant and Maidservant*:

> "You have been a witness of this the saddest scene in my life."
>
> "I have not taken my eyes off it. I have never met one like it before."
>
> "What would you do, if you had my part in it?"
>
> "There does not seem anything to be done now."
>
> "How would you bear yourself in my strange place?"
>
> "Well, we are all the victims of circumstances. I suppose as a victim. And I think that is what you are doing."
>
> "Would you cast off your sons and never again utter their names?"
>
> "That would mean that the truth would emerge, and people tend to think that we deserve what happens to us. I suppose that they know they deserve it themselves. Of course I do not mean that you deserved it, but people never know how exceptional we are. They themselves are so commonplace."

There is no escape for Miss Compton-Burnett's imprisoned characters, and often (as Mr. Liddell points out) her tyrants do in fact "know best" and the possessive show up timidity posing as independence. We are looking at the comedy of necessity and if some characters are cynical and all use irony, there is nothing cynical or tinny about the novelist herself. She has the grave misanthropy and humility of the rationalist and whatever catastrophes occur or crimes are committed, whatever expiation has to be borne, her people are not left without the prosaic recourse of the mundane affections. Indeed affection—as Mr. Liddell says—is the quality this melodramatic novelist deeply values as she surveys the slaughter caused by the passions.

Some readers of Miss Compton-Burnett have found her novels flat and monotonous and think it difficult to distinguish one character from another. There is a continuous demand on the attention of the reader who becomes exhausted by the drill of epigram and paradox. The difficulty with the characters is largely due to the fact that her novels are very much alike. There is the vague country house, the family asylum, generally ruled over by an elderly tyrant, male or female; there are the victims, there is a brilliant chorus of servants and there is cross-talk from precocious children; all speak on the same high sententious level—a good joke in itself—and there is the inevitable, appalling revelation of what, for the sake of appearances, has been left to fester beneath for years. Yet, as Mr. Liddell shows, within this repeated pattern, the variations of character are really rich for the patient reader. There is more than one kind of tyrant for this moralist who, if she is horrified by the lust for power, is equally shocked by the insincerities of those who have been forced in some way, albeit unjustly, to compound with it or evade it. It is no commendation of the meek that they inherit the earth. In her latest novel†, Aunt Miranda is a monster, but her tyranny contains a consciousness of the real inadequacies of others. She has killed her feeling for a secret lover; she has been therefore driven to conceal the paternity of her son from her husband; she has diverted the love she ought to have given to her husband to the boy, and her possessive love has turned him into a cipher. She is, in short, a monster because her first victim is herself. But when it turns out that the adopted cousins, who are being brought up in the house, are really her husband's illegitimate family, we are suddenly on her side. For what is being tested here are the ethics and motives of honesty—the question of honesty is perpetually raised in all these novels—and we prefer her living lie to her husband's rattled confession. We ought not to do so, for he is one who loves without crushing, but, in this grim world, the crime that leads to all the others is the failure to control the feelings, the weakness of the will. If you create conventions, it is undignified to break them, and when people lose dignity of behaviour they will lose dignity of feeling. Better to kill feeling altogether than to debase it.

Mother and Son has, like Miss Compton-Burnett's previous novel, a kinder tone than her earlier ones which is a little disappointing, for the hard moralist eases dangerously towards the moral tale. I do not find her children in this book as remarkable as Theodora Calderon and her brother in *Elders and Betters*. But there is one phase of deep, tragic feeling in *Mother and Son* which is unsurpassed in her earlier books. I am thinking of the chapter where Miranda's son discovers the truth about his birth after his mother's death and tells his "father" that he must leave to see his real father who has written to him. There is no address on the letter and no surname. The father will never be found. The man whose will has been destroyed by mother love has no hope of recovering it through the love of his father; all the same he feels impelled towards this painfully chimerical search. This scene is profoundly moving and conveys the emotions of grief and solicitude with a truth of feeling that is rare in literature. One sees how Miss Compton-Burnett's wit and originality may have stood in the way of her being considered (as Mr. Liddell claims) a great, rather than an eccentric novelist.

A chapter in Mr. Liddell's book examines the dialogue. It is not good enough to call this dialogue stylised and, in fact, it is often plainly realistic and follows closely the curt, snubbing, emotion-mutilating way of surviving pockets of English polite conversation. The epigrams and paradoxes are appropriate to the educated. But there do remain those large areas of dialogue where, as one sometimes supposes, the people are saying what they really think, in their hidden mind or sub-conscious; or are declaiming in the manner of expressionist drama. Mr. Liddell comes closer to a proper definition when he says that, in these passages, the speech is unrealistic, because the people are speaking out of "their dominant need." That is well said and one might add that this need is connected with the fundamental condition of Miss Compton-

* *The Novels of I. Compton-Burnett.* By ROBERT LIDDELL. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

† *Mother and Son.* By I. COMPTON-BURNETT. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Burnett's characters: they are human beings to whom the idea of a role is indispensable. Their role saves them from the modern nightmare: nonentity. The main revolution she has made in the form of the novel is not much discussed by Mr. Liddell, and I wish he had said more for he has all the competence: the novel, in her hands, approaches the play or scenario. She has got back to the English novel's early contact with the artifice of the theatre—as he and many critics have noted, she is Congrevian—her economy is theatrical, her dialogue essentially if too profusely so, the habit of her characters dramatic and not discursive or analytical. Important action—a sudden death, a murder, a comedy of proposals of marriage—is often reduced to stage direction. The crises are fierce and short; the comedy full of reversals of incident and repetitions on different levels. There is above all the strong element of her chorus. All this is of the theatre and her books lend themselves well to theatrical reading. These technical innovations have been important. They break with the standardised techniques of the naturalistic novel, which is none the less dead for being predominant. This extraordinary novelist writing about a limited, out-of-date, indeed extinct society in a very artificial fashion, has hit upon what seems to me the most hopeful direction for the stagnant art of the novel: the direction of drama and its idiom. That happens also to be the tendency of popular entertainment.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Tuscan Morning

Presences are always said to brood;
And in the Boboli gardens just at noon
Toad-like Silenus squats inside a shade,
And Michelangelo's giants cannot break
The curtain of their element, the haze.

But this is hardly Italy. At least
This is in Italy the hour, the place,
That throws our Italy into high relief,
Which is italic, cursive and erect,
In early mornings and late afternoons.

High noon of the Renaissance was in Rome,
This was the Tuscan, Brunelleschi's morning,
The guidebooks say. What have renaissances
To do with noon? It is the edge of light
Goes cleaving, windless presence, like a ray.

DONALD DAVIE

The Footrest

Through the tapestried corridors; the refurbished centuries;
Dresden china in glass; and Chinese glasses;
Among the lurking attendants eating sandwiches,
Along the museum the dutiful visitor passes.

In the line of his sight a Jacobean table
Stands to attention a moment; beeswax and chores
Gave it that polish (and the years that hang on its label);
It has a footrest—because of the filth of the floors.

The corridors and the boredom; the central heating
Give place to a smoky hall and the smell of meat,
Muddied and shotten; he shivers: sees an attendant
Eating red beef with the muck surrounding his feet.

We eat with our feet on the carpet; china stained
With tomato sauce can always be washed; the past
Makes an exhibition of itself in vain:
Hungry for knowledge, the present refuses to fast.

LAURENCE D. LERNER

Orthodox Dissent

Catholic Approaches. Edited by LADY PAKENHAM. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15*s.*

In the only really witty essay in this book, Father Dominic de Grunne, a Belgian Benedictine, points out that to their European co-religionists English Roman Catholics look (sociologically) Protestant; and they look Protestant not in the way the Anglican High Church looked Protestant to Newman after he left it, but in the uncompromising fashion of Nonconformity, of Matthew Arnold's "dissidence of Dissent," of Spurgeon, of Dr. Donald Soper or the Rev. Leslie Weatherhead. "Any foreigner," Father de Grunne remarks, "notices that in England all denominations jump with an equal facility on to the soap-box. This tradition has a Nonconformist origin, and is an illustration of the eminently British character of English Catholicism. . . . Let not the reader be shocked." English Catholics are, in fact, today the best organised and most influential of our Nonconformist bodies. It is at once their strength and their weakness that they both healthily challenge the national ethos—which I would describe as a kind of liberal Broad Churchism, shading away from the late Archbishop Temple on your right to the late Bishop Barnes on your left—and jar at various levels on the national taste. Very much in Arnold's way, Father de Grunne sees as one of the Nonconformist notes of British Roman Catholicism an occasional "intolerable smugness and complacency."

This is not a smug book, but I did, in reading it, have an uncomfortable feeling that, whereas one of the things that might draw me towards the Church would be a sense of dereliction in my sinfulness, most of the contributors here would have been worthy and respectable public figures whatever denomination they had belonged to. In spite of Mr. Greene, the typical British Catholic has probably an *anima naturaliter Pelagiana*. So I enjoyed Father de Grunne's gentle little jabs. On Catholic "freemasonry":

> . . . He answered: "There is a good Catholic shoemaker at the other end of the town." I suggested that I was not interested in the religion of my shoes; what I wanted was a competent shoemaker. I felt that I was causing unnecessary grief.

Or on the snobby (or should one say nobby?) side:

> . . . one of them brushed gently my friend's arm with her shoulder in sign of friendship and radiated a discreet but lovely smile. "Lady H——. She has married a Protestant peer. He has recently come into the Church. *All the peers* are becoming Catholics."

Father de Grunne's gaiety makes a pleasant epilogue to a book which is elsewhere—naturally enough, considering the weighty topics discussed—often somewhat heavy in hand. One should add that there are many qualities in English Catholics which he admires, and finds lacking in Continental Catholics: their freedom from Right-wing ties, from "political Catholicism," and from stuffy exclusiveness (in his youth in Belgium, his own very devout parents were thought odd because they entertained liberals, Jews, and M. Spaak); the way in which at Oxford and Cambridge young English Catholics mix with their countrymen of all shades of opinion instead of being herded up together as at Louvain; the frankness and sincerity with which English Catholics proclaim their faith, even on awkward occasions, instead of being prudently discreet about it; their genuine piety. I think one finds these qualities in the other essays in the book; and a refreshing absence also of the "soap-box" touch.

The trickiest subject, probably, is sex and marriage, dealt with in two very candid essays by Mr. E. B. Strauss and Lady Pakenham. I shall take the two great stumbling blocks for all outsiders, the Catholic attitude to birth-control and the rule about saving the child's life rather than the mother's. Let me summarise the argu-

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

ment about birth-control, from both writers. (1) Artificial interference with the possible consequences of the sexual act is against "the moral law" (an impressive but undefined concept, frequently brought into play). (2) *But* sexual intercourse during the so-called "safe period" is always licit and sexual intercourse during any other period is never obligatory. (3) *But* if you have been deliberately sticking to the "safe period" in the hope of not having another baby, there is a smell of "grave sin" about. (4) *But*, of course, you ought not to have another baby, if you cannot educate it. . . . Might it thus seem that you can *in practice* "artificially interfere" (for it is ridiculous to restrict the notion of artifice to the use of contraceptives) with the likelihood of your having another baby, but square your conscience by directing your overt intention (enjoying your conjugal rights during what happens to be a "safe period") away from any consciousness of your covert intention (avoiding having another baby, without paying the price of living in married chastity)? Or am I being excessively rigorous, and is the argument not so "Jesuitical" in Pascal's sense as all that? The extreme case in the other argument—about the unborn child—is that the mother must not be saved at the child's expense even if it is known that the child, once delivered, will die anyway, or will die if she dies. God wants this, says Lady Pakenham. It would be hard to prove that God wanted it to anybody who did not believe that unbaptised children go to hell (or are shut out from Heaven). On any undogmatic basis it is difficult to argue that the sacrifice of two lives instead of one is demanded by "the moral law." Does Lady Pakenham's analogy (starving seamen on a raft who must not purchase survival for part of their group by committing murder and practising cannibalism) seem to the average moral sensibility a fair one?

These two contributors deserve credit for not shirking such awkward questions. The most important of the other essays is a long study by Mr. David Jones called *Art and Sacrament*. This is on the notion (so far as I have understood it at a first reading) of the identification in art of the sign and the thing signified—as in the Eucharist the bread and wine do not *stand for* the body and blood of Christ, merely, but *are* it—and of the resulting work of art as a thing in some sense dedicated. A work of art for Mr. Jones embodies or realises what it represents, is not just a way of referring to it; and its own primary reality is that of a made thing. In linking man to his environment, skill to its proper object, matter to form, all art is "religious" but there is no specifically "Catholic" art. I felt that much that Mr. Jones was saying could be drastically compressed into more everyday language; but this is a distinguished essay, cloudily pregnant. Of the other contributors, Mrs. Nicolete Gray is shrewd and sensitive on the bringing up of children; Father D'Arcy, on the mystery of evil, handles familiar topics well; Mr. Douglas Woodruff tells us we must commit ourselves to something, but does not meet the argument of the liberal humanist that what we must commit ourselves to is perpetually revising our opinions in the light of new facts; Professor Temple on physics and philosophy is outside my range; Archbishop Mathew is vivid and humane about Africa; Lord Pakenham high-toned but rather woolly about the problems of the pious politician. All contributors are candid and courteous. A book like this may prove a much better bridge between doubters and the faithful than the old Chesterbellocian tub-thumping; but it must be admitted that Chesterbellocism was sometimes more amusing to read.

G. S. FRASER

ROBERT GRAVES'

new novel tells the story of the young Sicilian princess Nausicaa, living about 750 B.C., who saved her father's throne from usurpation, herself from a distasteful marriage and her two younger brothers from butchery by boldly making things happen instead of sitting still and hoping for the best. It is also Robert Graves' account of how the Odyssey attributed to Homer was, in fact, written by the Princess Nausicaa and suggests how she managed to get it included in the official canon of the "Sons of Homer," the guild of travelling minstrels who claimed to be the Greek poet's descendants and whose sagas were ascribed to Homer himself.
(10/6 *net*.)

Homer's Daughter

In November, 1953, we published *The Nazarene Gospel Restored*, a massive work by ROBERT GRAVES and JOSHUA PODRO, Part III of which gave the text of what the authors consider to be the only authentic Gospel. The text only of this gospel is now published separately (15/- *net*) under the title

The Nazarene Gospel

CASSELL

Images at Work

Pygmies and Dream Giants. By KILTON STEWART. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Classical anthropology (if one can say there was such a thing) on looking at a man with three wives, immediately said "Polygamy," and went about treating the rest of human existence in the same kind of way. This grand frontal approach to the subject is growing less popular now that investigators have become infected with psychology, and mentality is studied rather than the social forms which embody it. The temptation is then to pursue mentality back to an origin in time, and to ignore the meaning which it brings forth. But mentality is important because it creates, not because it is created.

Dr. Kilton Stewart is a psychotherapist and thus knows how to approach mind without bringing it to a standstill. Some twenty years ago he went to the Philippines armed with psychological tests and gadgets, and there studied three primitive peoples to find out if, putting it bluntly, they were human beings like himself—or, perhaps, if he was one like them. Is there a Universal Man? The question was doubly important for Dr. Stewart since he had a personal problem to solve: for universal man is not only what black, yellow and pink men have in common, and what they share in the great collectives of myth, social forms and language, but also, because of this, what every man looks for in himself.

His first work was among the Negritos, and his first patient a man suffering from headache. This man, eased into a light trance, entered what was called the spirit cave and there saw the spirit which had sent him the headache. Urged on by the old man of the tribe, he confronted the spirit, vanquished it and received from it a song and a drum rhythm, which he still remembered when he woke up. He found then that his headache had gone, since the painful event he had stayed in was transformed the moment it created music instead of producing more noise and conflict. This, Dr. Stewart discovered, was the usual way among the Negritos: spirits, when they became insufferable, were actively confronted and tamed. There was a difference, however, when the spirits confronted men actively in dreams without making them ill: instead of trying to turn them into useful servants, the Negritos then passively obeyed them. One man's foreboding dream might thus affect great numbers of people. The Negrito is a prey to such spirits. He can hardly exist away from the land where he has been brought up, but becomes homesick and incapable: it is as though he owns nothing in the world, not even the images of trees, rocks and streams which he sees every day. He, rather, is owned by them, and feels that they have a life quite distinct from his own. It is for this reason that he must become a shaman: for, having so little control over his images, he can manipulate them only by meeting them on their own terms, in the spirit cave. The Negrito acts through a precarious sense of total inner balance which can be disturbed by the smallest aggressive action, such as spitting on the jungle floor or killing a deer. To restore this balance, he performs a simple rite, persuading the inner pattern to correspond to the outer one.

Dr. Stewart next visited the Ilongots and the Ifugao. The Ilongots are headhunters, and their feeling of unbalancing the world is such that they believe the spirits of the earth will only give food and let plants grow in exchange for human lives. The Ifugao, however, no longer try to placate the things in this world which their activities have disturbed. They have created a counter-universe occupied by thirty-five orders of gods, each with a hundred or more members. These gods all express particular functions, and it is they who have to be placated and bribed lest things go wrong. As gods, however, they are inefficient, opportunist and vindictive, like the Ifugao themselves who fall ill and run amok when the gods fail them. Typically, also, the Ifugao shaman when possessed by a spirit does not try to master it but instead becomes its servant, allowing it full power to do what it will.

Where then is universal man? He is found when you work out the consequences of Dr. Stewart's neat aphorism, "one man's image is another man's body." And what of Dr. Stewart himself? He was betrothed to a ravishing Negrito girl, and might well have married her: instead he fell ill from *sopot-sopot*, and his personal experience of universal man had to wait till he was nearly drowned in a notorious whirlpool.

FRANCIS HUXLEY

The Conspiracy of Noise

Jean Cocteau. By MARGARET CROSLAND. *Peter Nevill.* 15*s.*

"Formerly the artist was enclosed by a conspiracy of silence. The modern artist is enclosed by a conspiracy of noise." The remark is Cocteau's: and although it applies quite broadly to the village communities of London, New York, and Paris, where gossiping voices are drowned only by the rolling of logs, it bears most sharply on the position of Cocteau himself, "*le poète*" (as he puts it) "*le plus inconnu et le plus célèbre.*" Literary newshounds have followed him everywhere, not least into his retirement at Cap Ferrat; and since he has seldom refused to chair a film festival or to send sketches to a Paris weekly, his exploits still tend to eclipse his achievements. Best known are the exploits of his youth. Time takes long revenge on the young prodigies who defy it: and journalists whose filing systems outweigh their judgment will probably never forgive Cocteau his early notoriety as the prototype of Gide's "comte de Passavant." But thirty years have changed his outlook. Speaking of Proust, he now says "*il m'arrive de regretter d'avoir connu Marcel à une époque où, malgré mon respect pour son œuvre, je n'étais pas encore digne d'en jouir.*" Despite this change of tone, two recent reviews of Miss Crosland's

book have appeared beneath the titles "Showman or Artist?" and "Le Prince Frivole"—the latter borrowed from an early collection of poems which Cocteau has sought to disown. As Miss Crosland gloomily observes, "The ghost of Cocteau that still haunts Paris is regarded as more interesting than the Cocteau who wrote *Le Coq et l'Arlequin, Le Secret Professionnel, Orphée, Les Enfants Terribles* and *L'Essai de Critique Indirecte*." Even her own study is not free from this false emphasis.

She begins, invitingly, with a visit to the Villa Santo Sospir—ripe lemons on the grass, the Mediterranean in the background, the profile drawings on the walls, and Cocteau, gaunt and grey, eloquent under a vast umbrella. The portrait established, she plunges into biography, tracing Cocteau's career from childhood (his mother dressing for the theatre in a haze of gas-lit elegance), through the long fever of adolescence (de Max, the early poems, and the secret room in the Hôtel Biron), to the creative years which began in the 1920s and have not ended yet. The narrative, gleaned partly from its subject's scattered reminiscences, partly from the evidence of contemporaries, and partly from the monograph by Roger Lannes, forms a useful guide to Cocteau's enormous output. To this Miss Crosland turns more closely in her concluding chapters. Compounded of poems, novels, plays, essays, drawings, films, and gramophone records, it has often been slighted as the work of a mystagogic dilettante, a compulsive *touche-à-tout*. Discussing *Opéra* and *La Voix Humaine*, Miss Crosland rightly stresses what Cocteau's cameramen would later vouch for: "neither opium nor religion had been as useful to him as hard work." This is only one of the timely reminders that her book contains. She scouts the old legend that he wrote *Le Bal du Comte Orgel*, Raymond Radiguet's second novel: she shows how *Thomas l'Imposteur*, with its Evelyn Waugh ambulance careering round the battle-front, was based on Cocteau's equally bizarre adventures during the war. She recounts also some of the strange events that have attended the play *Orphée*: elsewhere, she recalls the immense influence of *Parade*. Later, she gives a good account of *Les Enfants Terribles*, shrewdly advising one to see the film (which Cocteau regards as his most successful) before now reading the novel. She points out that Cocteau's own "youthfulness" springs from a readiness to listen to others, and from a faculty for being surprised. She even takes the trouble, at another point, to acquit him of collaboration with the Germans.

In all these ways Miss Crosland's work is admirable: but its weaknesses are all too evident. It will not, in fact, replace the long essay by Roger Lannes which Cocteau has elsewhere commended. Understandably, it neglects at least two aspects of his sevenfold bibliography, and deals very amateurishly with a third—that is, the cinema. Describing *Le Sang d'un Poète*, Miss Crosland omits to mention the falling chimney which encloses the action of the whole film: she also claims that "Cocteau consciously made the film in opposition to the surrealists," although he himself declared in 1946: "*lorsque le l'imaginai, le surréalisme n'existait pas.*" Twice she badly misquotes the title of his *Entretiens autour du Cinématographe*: once she seems not to realise the ordinary meaning of "*le coq du collège.*" Her critical writing, moreover, too often becomes mushy, indulging in such unexpanded remarks as "it seems less impressive when seen for the second time"; "the best thing about these poems is that they could not have appeared in any other form"; "Sometimes, by its deceptive fragility, its forlorn, half-human atmosphere, this poetry recalls certain of the early poems of Dr. Edith Sitwell." A common charge, which she makes against *Le Cap* and *Le Grand Ecart*, is that they are "dated": and this, followed by some extraordinary prophecies about "creative television producers," suggests more concern with reputations than with standards. Miss Crosland does Cocteau similar slight disservice by quoting without a *caveat* his thirty-year-old maxim "To please and to retain one's merit." As she later acknowledges, he is nowadays more austere. Not long ago, in a letter, he declared: "*Je n'entre pas en ligne de compte que les œuvres plaisent ou déplaisent. Elles doivent 'être'.*"

This uncompromising attitude, together with what Miss Crosland well calls his "unanswerable individualism," helps to make Cocteau as inscrutable to some others as he claims to be to himself. There are, however, several ways of coming to terms with his work. Miss Crosland's, conditioned by her chronological approach, leads her almost to join the conspiracy of noise, for it not only throws undue emphasis on Cocteau's biography, with all its squabbles and scandals, but also tends to explain his more mature work in terms of what has gone before. Thus, with happy aptitude rather than with rigour, she uses the ballet as a key to explain all the rest: this produces some gnomic metaphors ("The curtain is fully painted now, and it is exactly big enough for the stage"), and perhaps distracts her from the equally important question of Cocteau's use of words. His style, as she observes, is totally untranslateable: its cold clarity becomes flatness in English, and its strange overtones seem pretentious or disappear. For his insistence on the title of "poet" is far from frivolous: few poems are as compact and muscular as the best of his prose. A closer investigation of it might have helped to explain his spell-binding ability, and have led us nearer to the heart of his work. A Freudian, on the other hand, struck by the familiar properties of Cocteau's creations, might have explored more deeply the relationship with his mother, or the episode of the snowball and the real schoolboy Dargelos.

Most fruitful of all, however, might have been a fourth approach to Cocteau. We seldom begin the study of past authors by reading their *juvenilia*; and there is less of the enduring Cocteau in his early works than in his last three books of essay, the film of *Orphée*, and the novel and film of *Les Enfants Terribles*. Of these, the films are perhaps the most revealing, for they show Cocteau in his true role as myth-maker. He is not a moralist: it is pointless, therefore, to call him "decadent." Nor is he a metaphysician, as Miss Crosland sometimes seems on the verge of believing. His myths, like all others, have a mixed parentage; and they are capable of many interpretations. But their validity lies in themselves, not in their "meanings": they will survive so long as they have the power to convince. Cocteau has that power. Already one can hear his voice, hard and dry, in the first few words of the film of *Les Enfants Terribles*: "*Ce jour-là, c'était la neige. . .*"

RICHARD MAYNE

Fountain of Honours

Honours for Sale. By GERALD MACMILLAN. *Richards Press.* 16*s.*

The hero of this book, Maundy Gregory, was an unscrupulous adventurer with an engaging manner, who for many years conducted a highly profitable trade in titles in this country until he fell foul of the law in 1933. The Act making traffic in honours a penal offence dates from 1925; and Gregory enjoys the distinction of being the only person who has ever suffered under it. Not that he suffered very much: after two months in Wormwood Scrubs and a fine of £100, he retired to France where he lived sumptuously on his ill-gotten gains until the war of 1939 brought him troubles which even *his* adroitness could not circumvent. After a spell of internment he died in Paris in 1941, under the name of "Sir Arthur Gregory," a title which he had awarded himself—presumably for old times' sake.

Gregory's success in crime was not confined to the tricky business of selling knighthoods and peerages: there is every reason to believe that he got away unscathed with murder. In a convincing chapter of detection, Mr. Macmillan concludes that he poisoned a Mrs. Rosse, with whom he had lived for many years. In 1932 (when the

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economic depression was reducing rich men's aspirations to titles) Gregory tried to borrow money from his companion. Foolishly, she refused to lend, yet made a will in his favour. Within a month she was not only dead, but buried; and her £18,000 was on its way to paying Gregory's debts. Seven months elapsed before Mrs. Rosse's relatives worked up enough suspicion to bring in the police and get the body exhumed, by which time Gregory had nothing to fear. He had taken the precaution of burying Mrs. Rosse in an unsealed coffin and in a low-lying churchyard which was flooded nearly every winter. The River Thames had got to work before the Home Office analyst; and the post-mortem could show no evidence of poisoning.

Mr. Macmillan's detective efforts are not so successful in disclosing the secret of Gregory's enormous wealth. We are indulged with lavish descriptions of his impressive office opposite Downing Street and his private house at 10, Hyde Park Terrace (carefully chosen for its number, so that he could impress clients with casual "No. 10 wants me on the telephone"), of the Ambassadors Club which he owned and where he dispensed gorgeous hospitality, of *The Whitehall Gazette*, a glossy monthly magazine which he financed to puff himself and his associates, of his basketwork taxi-cab, his gold cigarette-case inscribed to him by the late King George VI, his lunches at the Carlton in company with the King of Greece, even of the menu at one of his Lucullan feasts. All this ostentatious display Gregory deliberately paraded: it was the "trap to catch coneys." But who were the coneys? Who paid for their titles? Either Gregory covered his tracks too well or Mr. Macmillan's lips are sealed for fear of libel, for not a solitary instance is given of a successful transaction wherein Gregory was concerned. The grand inquisition fizzles out in anti-climax.

Yet there must be many people still alive who could tell. In a short period of eighteen months in 1921-22 Lloyd George created 26 peerages, 74 baronetcies and 294 knighthoods; and when he fell from power his Political Fund was rolling in money. That was the hey-day of the traffic in honours against which the Act of 1925 was passed, and which yielded Gregory such a fat living. Lloyd George himself was sufficiently astute never to know who contributed to his fund: it was hard enough for him to have to defend the worst items in his honours lists in blissful ignorance. But somebody closely connected with L.G. must have known. Cheques have to be cashed and cash has to be banked. Not everyone can go about like Maundy Gregory perpetually carrying a wallet bursting with fivers. Mr. Macmillan's historical survey of the sale of honours since the days of the Stuarts throws light on an unsavoury concomitant of party politics. But we should have preferred more hard facts to an intolerable deal of surmise.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

March of Intellect

The British Working Class Reader, 1790-1848. By R. K. WEBB. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

In Peacock's *Nightmare Abbey*, Mr. Flosky demands "how can we be cheerful when we are surrounded by a *reading public* that is growing too wise for its betters?" Dr. Webb in this brief but interesting essay examines both the implications of Peacock's question and the answers contemporaries tried to give to it. His theme, although it is not always easy to disentangle, is the influence of the national "march of intellect" on the sizeable literate section of the English working classes.

There were two phases in the history of the response of the more educated elements in society to the growth of the working-class reading public. During the first phase, which lasted until the 1820s, there was bewilderment and fear. Even Hannah More, who was dispensing *Burke for Beginners*, was warned by the Somerset farmers that it was pre-ordained that the poor should be ignorant. The struggle against Jacobinism and the tension after the end of the Napoleonic Wars sharpened suspicion, and papers like the government-sponsored *White Dwarf* were incapable of checking "the language of disaffection and defiance" which was written all too fluently in the *Black Dwarf* and "the seditious press." Hannah More did her best with songs and tracts, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge took pains to expedite the distribution of anti-infidel pamphlets, but prison seemed a safer place for the radical editors than a re-education centre.

In the 1820s a new phase began. The growing middle-class reading public attempted to educate on a large scale rather than to repress, to preach the new doctrines of political economy rather than to appeal to tradition. A new organisation like the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, set up in 1826, did not try to defend but moved into the attack. It soon became suspect both to Peacock's traditionalists, who labelled it the "Steam Intellect Society," and to disgruntled workers who often did not want to learn the simple lessons very carefully prepared for them by their new masters.

Dr. Webb remarks that Peacock's nickname was a particularly appropriate one for, like the early steam engine, the Society was noisy and inefficient. So too were many of the parallel institutions attempting to influence the working-class reader. They always found it difficult both to capture his interest and to hold his attention. It was not that they did not know the right formula—simplicity, lack of affectation, comprehensibility, and avoidance of all condescension—but that they were unable to apply it effectively. Respectability and lack of human contact stood in the way.

There were two further obstacles which could not be cleared even by the most perfect of techniques. Like Matthew Arnold's middle classes, the working classes of the early nineteenth century had their serious and gay factions. The gay were beyond conversion: they preferred amusement to education and the novelette to the pamphlet. The serious were beyond indoctrination: they preferred to hammer out their own culture, not to take it from outside. The 1840s were years of open class antagonism, and working-class reading was more of a weapon than of a shield. Only in the middle years of the nineteenth century did the social cleavages narrow, the means of communication between classes become easier, and the ideas flow. By that time John Stuart Mill was arguing that "the poor have come out of leading strings and cannot any longer be governed or treated like children. To their own qualities must be commended the care of their destiny."

Dr. Webb's account of changes in mood and outlook, while informative and suggestive, is by no means exhaustive. Only a fuller investigation of the history of institutions, particularly the mechanics' institutes, a more searching study of provincial personalities, and a more careful assessment of the spread of general reading among the working classes can complete the picture. When this additional work has been accomplished, some of the conclusions Dr. Webb has reached may look too simple. The march of intellect could never be drilled, and apart from stragglers there were always whole platoons who strode away in strange directions.

ASA BRIGGS

New Novels

A World of Love. By ELIZABETH BOWEN. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mediterraneo. By CHAPMAN MORTIMER. *Cresset Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Homer's Daughter. By ROBERT GRAVES. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

An exciting parcel: one that makes the reviewer feel, as he unwraps it, that his *triste métier* has its compensations. Miss Bowen needs no bush; neither does Mr. Graves. Mr. Mortimer has already attained star-billing as an original. Alas, nobody is quite up to form; you must prepare for some more disappointment.

A World of Love certainly falls a long way short of Miss Bowen's own unexceptionable definition—when she can control that immense generosity she is an admirable critic—of "the ideal novel" as one that "draws us into its world . . . turns upon some crisis or situation which rivets and delights us by its importance . . . and . . . brings us into the company of characters who are not merely lifelike but living." The scene is a small Irish country house in unusually hot and oppressive summer weather. The domestic situation is exceptionally complicated. Lilia, once "at seventeen a wonderful golden willow of a girl," has almost given up the struggle. She was engaged to Guy who was killed in the first world war. Guy's cousin and heiress, the masterful Antonia, has married her off to Fred, "Guy's and Antonia's illegitimate cousin, bye-blow son of roving Montefort uncle." Fred farms and Antonia lives stormily with them. Jane, Lilia's elder girl, is in a state of romantic frustrated adolescent boredom, waiting for someone to turn up. Maud, her sister, behaves like one of Miss Compton-Burnett's characters, and tries to sell her father some old love-letters of Guy's for ten shillings. Antonia is significantly nasty to Jane, who is attracted by the glamour of smartness and riches and young men about the place, as represented by Lady Latterly, a rather raffish Englishwoman. I failed to discern any crisis, found only some of the characters alive for part of the time, and much of their motivation incomprehensible. Miss Bowen is never a tidy writer, and you have to take her, like any other professional

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sensitive, as she comes; but what is one to make of sentences like these?:

> The Ford, knowingly slowing down, pulled up nose in to the warped white spears and chain knot of the Montefort entrance—the eating-out of rust through the last paint gave the gates, analysed by the headlights, more than their daytime aspect of dissolution: could they not be driven through like the horse? . . .
>
> The day itself might do no more than look more and more like rain—indeed, the air by assuming a false tense glint was turning the grass livid with thwarted longing; and so, considered Antonia (herself now desiring nothing) it would do no harm to stay.

My own impression is of an unfinished sketch rather than a completed canvas.

In *Mediterraneo* Mr. Mortimer has tried to do something very difficult indeed: to plumb the depths of the psychology of the Spanish gypsy. For this it is not enough to have read Lorca and travelled or sojourned in Southern Spain. Beneath an encrustation of metaphysical tricks and whimsies, including the presence on board ship of a totally irrelevant chorus of spectators—Father Goose and two floppy young men, who seemed to me like *faux-naives* from Greenwich Village, one of whom, Bluey, thinks he may have platonically imagined the whole story—the plot is straightforward melodrama. Antonio, a young gypsy, has set himself the task of avenging his brother, Francisco, murdered by an acrobat, Pepe. He steals Pepe's knife and with it kills old Sanson, the showman, proprietor of the merwoman, herself a vehicle for no little symbolism. But Pepe breaks his neck trying to perform a specially tremendous leap to show he is not afraid. The last we see of Antonio, through the eyes of the chorus, he is being arrested in Málaga. Unquestionably Mr. Mortimer has talent and, especially in this dead period, you should sympathise with all experimenters; but he is such a wilfully perverse, affected writer, that he makes things very difficult for us. His method of presentation is maddeningly indirect; to illustrate the gypsy quality of alternating boastfulness with cowardice Antonio is made to have long conversations with himself; to give an effect of the inter-connectedness of everything the narrative focus is abruptly switched all over the place; and so obsessed is Mr. Mortimer with his poet's eye-view and his intellectually smart, continental metaphysical metaphors and gongorisms, that he gives you little more *genius loci* than you would find in a Spanish geometry book.

It is not surprising that Mr. Graves, with his penchant for matriarchy, should have taken a fancy to Samuel Butler's theory that the real author of the Odyssey was Nausicaa, a princess not of mythical Phaecia but of Western Sicily. As the heroine, and first person narrator of *Homer's Daughter*, she is brisk, cynical, self-assured, and very unfeminine. She tells you the "real" story of certain events in her father's kingdom, while he was away, which gave her the background material for her epic. She herself plays the Penelope role, defeating her own suitors with the help of Aethon, a Cretan exile. She refers more than once to "Homer's" Odysseus and his story, and more than once your head begins to spin, as the wheels within wheels of Mr. Graves's fiendish ingenuity revolve. The trouble is that a comparison is forced upon you and the moment you open "Homer" to check up you shut Mr. Graves. He will certainly make some hair stand on end in the sixth form room; his Judgment of Paris is like something from behind the scenes at the Folies Bergères: "Aphrodite sidled up to Paris, who blushed because she came so close that they were almost touching. She smelt of nard and roses." What does he give you? Plenty of action and blood and some good smacking, suitably pristine coarseness, and much detail of domestic and economic Mediterranean Bronze Age life which is well worth reading; but nothing to compare even remotely with his Roman masterpiece.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

The Captivity Of Zion

The Secret Roads. By JON and DAVID KIMCHE. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

This is a most exciting book. It will no doubt become one of the essential documents in the story of the establishment in a sovereign state of a re-created Jewish nation. Those who love an adventure story for its own sake, heroism, the mysteries of a secret underworld, the planned triumph of David's wits over Goliath's strength, the organised audacity by which the remnants of people with little in common but their memories and despair were taught by actual achievement to "hope till hope creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates": these may ignore the politics and history and still read a fascinating story of triumph against impossible odds. The Kimches' book contains little argument or commentary. The story is allowed to tell itself.

In the spring of 1939 two things were plain. The British Government were determined to end, once for all, its paradox and dilemma in Palestine by bringing Jewish immigration to an end: 15,000 Jews a year for five years and then no more without Arab consent. Whatever chance of success—or acceptance—such a policy might have had if the Jewish position in Europe had remained relatively stable will now never be known. But such stability as it had was utterly destroyed by Nazi Germany's announced policy of making the Reich "*Judenfrei*": the enforced emigration, not yet annihilation, of 600,000 Jews. There could not have been a less suitable moment for closing to the Jews the doors of their "publicly recognised, legally-secured" national home. This was only the beginning. The first year of the war saw Poland and all western Europe over-run. The next two years saw all Europe under the Nazi heel from the Atlantic seaboard to Stalingrad. Every organised Jewish community in Europe was uprooted and dispersed. The long trains of sealed cattle-trucks converged upon Auschwitz and Dachau, Belsen and Buchenwald, Terezin and Sachsenhausen. Nor was that the worst: in 1942 came the "final solution" policy: the mass destruction of six million Jews.

Still the doors remained closed: not more than 15,000 a year, not more in all than 75,000 above the level of 1939, might enter Palestine. The Jews, like the Jews of the Warsaw Ghetto, could submit or resist. But whereas in Warsaw it was death either way, this time there was a hope, however slim, of survival. If only they could get out, if only they could reach the sea, if only they could find ships—any kind of ships—if only they could evade the British pursuit by land and sea, if only they could run the British blockade—they might yet reach the only land where people of their own race were ready to welcome them home. This book tells how all these hazards were successfully run. Beginning with fantastic bargains with the Gestapo before the war and ending with the overthrow of British authority in Palestine, it shows against what obstacles, by what devious routes, with what stratagems, changing fortunes, tragedy and ironic circumstance, this world-wide underground warfare against our immigration policy was led to victory.

It is not a story which Britain or any British Socialist can read with pride, though the authors manfully do their best for us. It is not even the whole story. There is nothing for instance of what the D.P.s did for themselves: a story which perhaps Joseph Rosensaft, who is not mentioned

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here, will one day tell himself. Occasionally, one suspects (perhaps unjustly) that organisational jealousies or rigid party loyalties have played some part in what is omitted. But it is a moving, stirring account finely and fairly told, leaving some of us who were whole-heartedly on these people's side a little ashamed of the paltry speeches which were all we could bring to their aid.

SYDNEY SILVERMAN

Gramophone Notes

THE complete edition of the harpsichord works of Couperin le Grand, so munificently undertaken by Mrs. Louise Dyer, has now been crowned by a complete recording of the same works, made by Ruggiero Gerlin (ably seconded by Marcelle Charbonnier in the pieces for two instruments) on sixteen 12-inch LP sides (**OL). That Gerlin was a good choice for this formidable task must be apparent even to those who, like myself, have no specialised knowledge of the music. This is harpsichord playing of the most fearless kind, though it eschews the heavy, "orchestral" effects of many modern players like Fernando Valenti. Gerlin has a splendidly bright attack on the decorated accents which are a feature of Couperin's style, and there is never a hint of the mechanical in his rhythms—a fault into which it is easy to fall, in music of this date, and which at once results in forfeiture of the listener's attention. The pieces themselves, most of which are given picturesque titles, are divided into twenty-seven "Orders," covering many years of the composer's life, and it may be suggested that the later Orders will be found the most interesting and musically profound. The recording is sharp in outline and faithful to the various "stops" of the instrument. The same artist assumes the continuo part in four of Pergolesi's String Concertinos (Nos. 2, 3, 5, 6), with the Lamoureux Orchestra (**OL). These mellifluous works are as pretty as paint. Nos. 1, 3, 4 and 5 have also been produced by the Winterthur Orchestra (*N.), but, although the recording is faithful, the playing of the Swiss ensemble is rather too strenuous for this kind of music. So is that of the LSO, under Anthony Collins, in the outlying movements of Mozart's Bassoon Concerto in B flat major, a rococo piece in which lightness of touch is quite as much in place as in Pergolesi. Henri Helaerts gives a nimble account of the solo, but inserts an ugly, modernistic cadenza by Ibert, which is out of style. The reverse, however, contains a beautiful performance of Mozart's Clarinet Concerto with Gervase de Peyer as the soloist (**D.). A pianist who is new to us here, Vivian Rivkin, couples Mozart's Concertos in F, K413 and E flat, K482 (*N.). The little K413 is a slight work, hitherto unrecorded and redeemed from utter conventionality by a delightful Finale. K482 needs no recommendation, but sounds less well when shorn of a proper cadenza, as it is here, no doubt because the work is rather long for one side. Mr. Rivkin's manner is agreeably clean and unpretentious, but perhaps a thought prim. The piano tone is tubby, but the balance with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, under Dean Dixon, is good.

For those who can put up with a dry, but quite decent recording, Emil Gilels' coupling of Liszt's and Mendelssohn's First Piano Concertos (Mon.) shows this young Soviet pianist in a much more favourable light than did his Beethoven No. 3 recently. The brilliance is astonishing and right, and in the central, lyrical sections of both works Gilels shows that, in some music at any rate, he has a poetic delicacy of touch at his command. The same company offers Shostakovich's First Symphony and Balakirev's *Thamar*; but, although the performances are impressive, the recordings are outclassed, in the second instance by the Ansermet version (**D.), which is backed by some very attractive pieces by Liadov, and in the first by the Washington Orch./Mitchell (*N.). The latter does not extract all the wit and fantasy from the Shostakovich, but on the whole the version is satisfactory. With *Thamar* we are on different ground; this is a symphonic poem, in the late Romantic manner, and very beautiful too. Whether you associate it inescapably with Karsavina and the Diaghilev ballet or not, this legend of the insatiable Georgian queen who defenestrated her lovers when she was tired of them, makes excellent material for musical illustration. I feel that Ansermet does not work up the orgy as thrillingly as once he did in the theatre; but the transparent score is perfectly balanced and recorded. Also a ballet—or rather a mimeodrama —Bartok's *Wonderful Mandarin* has suffered comparative neglect through being harnessed to an offensive and pointless scenario. The music, however, which dates from the composer's first mature phase, is extraordinarily dramatic and stands up well to concert performance. The Chicago Orchestra under Dorati gives a very competent account of the complex score, and also of Kodaly's vivid, but rather long, *Peacock Variations* on the reverse (*M.). Sir Arthur Bliss's Music for Strings is possibly the best piece of writing he has given us; a muscular work without an ounce of padding, it is a worthy successor to Elgar's Introduction and Allegro. Under the composer's baton the Philharmonia gives an athletic and tonally rich performance. The suite from *Miracle in the Gorbals*, on the reverse, chooses the best of a ballet that suffered from a scenario as lurid and tasteless as *The Wonderful Mandarin*. Both works are brilliantly recorded.

Four of Mozart's finest string quartets come to us from the Amadeus and Barylli Quartets, in forthright, masculine renderings that derive their conviction from the strength and absolute propriety of Mozart's part writing. The Amadeus offer K590 in F (a fine comedy not unlike the late Piano Concerto in the same key) and K564 in A (**H.M.V.), while the Barylli couple K387 in G with K589 in B flat (*N.). The recorded tone of the Nixa disc needs some managing, and neither is likely to appeal to those who admire the namby-pamby style of the Italian Quartet in Mozart. On the other hand, I feel no hesitation at all in recommending two of Bach's Violin Sonatas (No. 3 in E major, No. 6 in G major) and the E minor Partita, played by Isaac Stern and Alexander Zakin (**Ph.), and two of Beethoven's (Op. 12, Nos. 1 and 2), by the Schneiderhan/Kempff duo (**DG.). The latter disc inaugurates a complete set of Beethoven's Violin Sonatas, already published abroad; the playing has an authority, a depth and unanimity of feeling, that put the other available versions quite in the shade. So, in my view, does the Aller/Hollywood Quartet issue of Brahms's Piano Quintet in F minor, Op. 34 (**Cap.). This wide-ranging work exists in other versions, including a new one by Demus/Konzerthaus Qt. (N.); but the Capitol disc records the most resolute and finely conceived performance of all.

Two piano issues impose themselves: Casadesus in a collection of Ravel pieces which includes the Sonatine and the complete *Miroirs*, played in perfect style and beautifully recorded (**Ph.); and a Chabrier/Saint-Saëns recital by Ginette Doyen (**N.). Musical importance cannot be claimed for any of the latter, which consists mostly of show pieces in the rococo manner of the *fin-de-siècle;* but the music is extremely pretty and the playing glamorously finished.

Rameau is a composer much in fashion nowadays—and rightly so, for he has suffered a long and unjust neglect. Examples of his art recently issued on disc include the opera, *Hippolyte et Aracie* complete (OL.), *Diane et Actéon* and *L'Impatience*, two cantatas sung by Hugues Cuénod (**N.), a collection of operatic excerpts by the Nadia Boulanger ensemble (B.), and three pieces for violin, cello and piano tastefully edited by Saint-Saëns and backed by a sonata by Vivaldi (**D.). The latter are delightfully played by the Trio di Trieste; but, while Hugues Cuénod does full justice to the little cantatas, the operas have to be sung with more technical accomplishment than they are here, if the music is to descend from the high stilts imposed by the conventions of its period.

The conventions of Berlioz's *Les Troyens à Carthage* are nearer to those of today, and the opera's many admirers will be grateful for the complete recording (D.-T.), since they are unlikely to be offered another yet awhile; but it would be idle to pretend that this is not a rough and ready performance. Arda Mandikian is a soprano well out of the ordinary, but she possesses neither the authority, nor the vocal strength and technical efficiency, needed for the role of Dido. The same criticism applies to Jean Giraudeau's Aeneas. The conductor, Hermann Scherchen, does not seem to understand the music (the Royal Hunt, for instance, sounds dismally feeble), and although some of the minor parts are well enough sung, the recording is top-heavy and unrealistic in the manner of a radio relay.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,306

Set by C. L. Drummond

The victorious English team will shortly be home from Australia, its final Test over. Home, too, will come the team of correspondents, heavily committed to write books about the tour and still to face the test of publication. We offer the usual prizes for the best Cricket Journalist's Invocation to his Muse—any metre, limit 16 lines. Entries by March 15.

Result of No. 1,303

Set by Marmaduke Dench

Competitors are invited, for the usual prizes, to translate the following verses written in the fifteenth century by Charles, Duke of Orleans, for St. Valentine's Day.

Le beau Souleil le jour saint Valentin
Qui apportoit sa chandelle allumée,
N'a pas long-temps entra un bien matin
Privéement en ma chambre fermée;
Celle clarté qu'il avoit apportée
Si m'esveilla du somme de soussy
Où j'avoye toute la nuit dormy
Sur le dur lit d'ennuieuse pensée.

Ce jour aussi pour partir leur butin
Des biens d'amour, faisioent assemblée
Tous les oyseaulx qui parlans leur latin
Crioyent fort demandans la livrée
Que nature leur avoit ordonnée,
C'estoit d'un per comme chascun choisy.
Si ne me peu r'endormir pour leur cry
Sur le dur lit d'ennuieuse pensée.

Lors en moillant de larmes mon coessin
Je regrettay ma dure destinée,
Disant, oyseaulx je vous voy en chemin
De tout plaisir et joye desirée;
Chascun de vous a per qui lui agrée,
Et point n'en ay; car mort qui m'a trahy
A prins mon per, dont en deuil je languy
Sur le dur lit d'ennuieuse pensée.

ENVOY

Saint Valentin choisissent ceste année
Ceulx et celles de l'amoureux party;
Seul me tendray de confort desgarny
Sur le dur lit d'ennuieuse pensée.

Report

This charming ballade which evokes all the melancholy of its author's long captivity in England after the battle of Agincourt, produced a large entry of competent renderings. Few of them, however, approached the level at which a translation reads like a piece of original poetry, although scattered felicities abounded.

There was, for instance, Erica Scott's

On speculation's grievous truckle-bed,

while other attractive renderings were

On the hard pillow of tormenting thought (Mrs. V. R. Ormerod)
Bound to the hard strait bed of full despair (Meteo).

Workmanlike translations came from R. Absalom, M. Stanier, T. A. Collins, Chaffinch, P. M., Towanbucket and P. A. T. O'Donnell; and Pithecus achieved a pretty play on words with

And all the birds in parliament combine,
Debating Bills of Love

Two entries stood out. Robert Murray, whose claim that the terms of the competition did not restrict him to English is admitted, wins two and a half guineas and so does Apple Tree. Third prize of one guinea to A. P. Ruderman.

BALLAT O SANCT VALENTIN

Na lang syne, tho close-steekit wes the yett,
Braw Sol himsel cam slee an privily ben
Intil my chaumer wi his caunle lit
For the fair morrow o Sanct Valentin.
Sae bricht the leam that he has cairret in
Frae carefu sleep he waukent me wi's licht
For och! I'd spent the weary, lee-lang nicht
On a dour bed o waesum thochts an teen.

Forby the birds hae aa thegither met,
Their flytan flocks like law-clerks jargonin,
Upon this day to pert luve's spoils an get
Whit nature has ordainit sud be gien.
Ilk ane pleads strang, makin see muckle din
That he sud hae his maik chesen by richt,
That nae retour o sleep visits this wicht
On his dour bed o waesum thochts an teen.

Then, murnin for my cruel weird, I let
The tears doon fa, an to the birds begin:
O blithesum birds! noo on the wey weel set
To aa delichts an pleasance luve can win,
The maik that sets him weel belangs ilk ane;
But I hae nane, for fause daith frae my sicht
Reivit my maik: whairfor I murn the slicht
On this dour bed o waesum thochts an teen.

ENVOY

Sanct Valentin! wha deemest it nae sin
That joes this year sud ches their lemmans bricht,
Lee-lane, I'll streik me, reft o aa delicht,
On a dour bed o waesum thochts an teen.

ROBERT MURRAY

The fayre sunne, on the feaste of Valentine
(whose taper, ardente symboll, hee displayd),
Stole in the earlie morning, clere and fyne,
Into the shuttered roome where I was layd.
This brightnesse that hee brought dispelled the shade
And rowsed mee from the montayne of distresse,
Where I had slept through houres of long darknesse
On the hard bedd my heavie thoughts have made.

And now the thronging birds, on swete rapyne
Of Love's hid treasure bent, in felde and glayde
Claimed that fulfilment Nature doth enjoyne,
Choosing this day with jargoning aubade
And lowd demanding cries, that to mee strayed,
Their partners for the season's lustinesse.
So could I slepe no moe, wanting no lesse
On the hard bedd my heavie thoughts have made.

Then must I on my teere-wett pillow pine,
And weeping my hard fate, to them I said:
Oh birds, I see you where your wayes incline
To joyes wherein love's paines shall bee allayed;
Of you each hath his love; but I, betrayde,
Have none, for death hath taken, pitilesse,
My love, whom now I mourne in wretchednesse
On the hard bedd my heavie thoughts have made.

ENVOY

Saint Valentine, this yeare a cavalcade
Of swaines and damzells choose your name to blesse;
But I lie here, alone and comfortlesse,
On the hard bedd my heavie thoughts have made.

APPLE TREE

Valentine's morn. The splendid sun
  Has not climbed far into the day
Yet one bright beam has overrun
  The room where I am shut away.
  The light of that intruding ray
    Recalls me from a slumber fraught
  With worry, where all night I lay
    On the hard bed of troubled thought.

The birds this morning have begun
  To share love's booty in their way.
With twittering Latin every one
  Began in simple faith to pray
  For nature's promise that each may
    Have the one mate which he has sought—
  So noisy that I sleepless lay
    On the hard bed of troubled thought.

Wet on my pillow tears have run,
  So I regret my sorry way.
O birds, I see what you have done,
  Going the road of pleasure gay,
  Properly mated. This I say
    To you, that death my mate has caught
  For whom I pine in mourning grey
    On the hard bed of troubled thought.

ENVOY

Saint Valentine, these creatures won
  The year's love-favours which you brought,
While I remain with comfort none
  On the hard bed of troubled thought.

A. P. RUDERMAN

CHESS

No. 283 Concourse of Concoctors

I am not surprised about the uncommonly good response to my call for concoctors to prove the drastic failure of a French Defence conducted against the spirit of that opening; for it may well be that the craft of concoction is the next best thing to the glory of creation: more pleasurable indeed since the pains of labour are less acute and the doubts of achievement less agonising. Our own object was to prove that in the "closed" variations of the French Defence it is imperative for Black to play P-QB4 as soon as possible; and that the omission of that vital counter-attack on the centre must lead to hopeless constriction and speedy punishment. I received a good many concoctions proving the point convincingly and pleasingly, and in some *embarras de richesse* I award my special prize to J. E. Pattle for this neat little effort.

(1) P-K4	P-K3	(10) Kt-KKt5	P-KR3
(2) P-Q4	P-Q4	(11) Q-R5	P x P
(3) Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	(12) Q-Kt6	P x Kt
(4) B-Kt5	B-K2	(13) Q-R7 ch	K-B2
(5) P-K5	KKt-Q2	(14) B-Kt6 ch	K-B3
(6) B x B	Q x B	(15) RP x P ch	K x P
(7) Kt-B3	O-O	(16) Q-R5 ch	K-B3
(8) B-Q3	Kt-QB3	(17) Kt x P ch	P x Kt
(9) P-KR4	P-KB3	(18) Q-B5 mate	

Since many readers seem to have taken a fancy for concoctions—no doubt, as good a method as any to strengthen one's combinative powers—and since several correspondents have asked me to deal with the gist (rather than the variations) of certain openings from time to time, we might as well combine business and pleasure once again, or even make a habit of it. So what about the Q-Gambit Accepted? Every tyro, of course, should know that this is really a bogus-gambit, since any effort to hold the gambit-pawn would be not merely unhealthy and precarious but downright fatal. Take this of many book variations.

(1) P-Q4	P-Q4	(8) Q x P	P-Kt5
(2) P-QB4	P x P	(9) Q-Q5	B-Kt2
(3) Kt-KB3	P-QB3	(10) B-Kt5 ch	B-B3
(4) P-K3	P-QKt4	(11) Kt-K5	Q x B
(5) P-QR4	Q-Kt3	(12) Q x BP ch	K-Q1
(6) P x KtP	BP x P	(13) Q x B ch	K-B2
(7) P-QKt3	P x KtP	(14) Q x KtP etc.	

Many players, even though theoretically aware of this, do not seem to have quite grasped the point. Let them concoct a short game in which Black is duly punished for his desire to hold on to the gambit-pawn; apart from this one fatal notion Black is not to play too badly, not ludicrously so at any rate. For the best concoction (to reach me by March 28) I offer a special prize of a guinea chessbook token.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position proving (if proof were needed) that even world champions may go astray. Lasker (Black) played P-KB3, and the game was eventually drawn. How, instead, could he have won a piece right away? **B**—White to draw—should be none too difficult for 6 ladder-points; but **C**—White to win—has enough pitfalls to be hardly a bargain at 7 points.

A: Emanuel Lasker

B: Prokes 1941

C: F. J. Prokop 1927

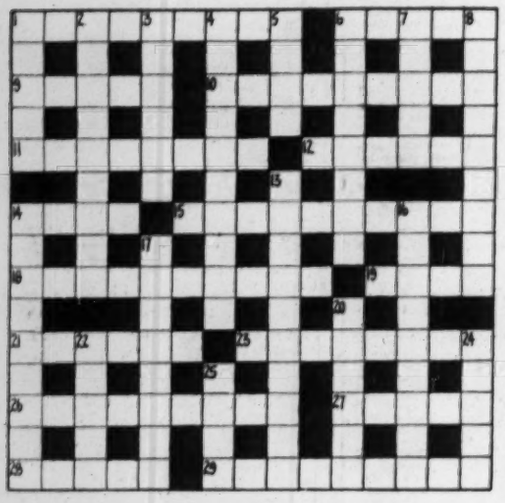
Usual prizes. Entries by March 14.

For lack of space, the report on competition No. 280 (set February 12) must be held over until next week.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 142

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 142, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Mar. 15.



ACROSS

1. Pussy looks back in the broken saucer for shrimps perhaps (9).
6. Either way it is pre-concerted (5).
9. Expression which has an historian in the middle (5).
10. Possibly the right name for a horrifying experience (9).
11. It is like a banana, but grow your own north of the border (8).
12. Word needed for the entry of Kings' treasuries? (6).
14. Note for a child (4).
15. It is permissible to run away before I complete my victory (10).
18. Town in which there is an agreement about the Eastern front torn up (10).
19. The object of worship is worship without effort (4).
21. Although the coin is hidden by me it is taxed (6).
23. Now out of the service, had something to do with bomb disposal in it (8).
26. Appeals for opera (9).
27. A pity but there is no river for this wader (5).
28. Makes a home in the meanest squalor (5).
29. The subeditor makes them up and the chief puts in the padding (9).

DOWN

1. Short or curly (5).
2. Christian who is one and the same thing (9)
3. To get entangled with love you need a love-apple (6).
4. Measure I came across in the middle (10).
5. Ship not quite long enough for freight (4).
6. Moving singer caught embracing a man (8).
7. Headdress for me in a royal place (5).
8. In proceeding bit by bit you make a good start but may have a lame ending (9).
13. Small-town victory over professionals (10).
14. A lot of stars are needed for the rubbish about a romantic island (9).
16. One star Alan is about to exclude (9).
17. There may be merit in the set-up for insects (8).
20. We take part in the voting for an M.P. (6).
22. Schoolchildren need a dictionary in the civil service (5).
24. "Who——, yet doubts; suspects, yet soundly loves!" (*Othello*) (5).
25. Shrewd chief (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 140

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 140

Miss B. Brewster (*Weobley*), *A. Cockburn* (*Nairobi*), *B. V. Spivack* (*Taplow*).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breafst. dinner opt. Moderate.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

BOARDING Accommodation with social amenities for ladies and gentlemen under 35, from 47s. 6d. to 85s., partial board. Applic. forms and information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FR. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrg.

A REALLY first-class home for one or two persons available in newly built beautifully furnished private house close to Hampstead Heath. Easy access to town. Central heating. Every mod. convenience, inc. lift. Full board provided if required. Box 4754.

ACCOMMODATION available hostel April 2-23. Pleasant surroundings. Easy access W. End. Parties & families. Apply Warden, 18 St. John's Wood Park, N.W.8.

BED-sit., congenial atmos. family flat, suit bus. lady. Use kit., bath. 35s. 4 min. Sydenham S.R., S.E.26. Box 4873.

HIGHBURY, N.5. Divan rm., ckg. facs., gas, elec. Use bath, tel. No colour nonsense. Inc. rent £2 5s. Box 4846.

YOUNG woman (secretary) offers another a large furn. room in her flat, Holland Park area. Use bath, kit., 'frig., tel. Nr. buses/Tube. Write Box 4884 or 'phone Ruislip 3485 after 8 p.m.

BACHELOR (Orth.) offers accommodation to another in modern (c.h.) block N.W.8. PRI. 3106/3244 or Box 5012.

REDECORATED furnished flatlet, one large room, own kitchen and toilet. Fully equipped. Bromley. RAV. 0533.

B/S Room to let in Hampstead. Mod. block nr. bus./Tube. Cent. htg., use kit. £3 p.w. Lady only. PRI. 1949.

HIGHGATE, 3 mins. Tube. Luxury divan-rooms for ladies. Fitted carpet, concealed cooker, new contemporary furniture. Use k., b., gdn., tel. 3gns. Large sunny attic room, similar, 3gns. MOU. 9610.

HAMPSTEAD, N.W.3. Furnished flat, top floor. 2 large rooms, kitchen & bathroom. £5 p.w. Also well-furnished double bed-sitting-rooms, rent £3 3s. p.w. Incl. of electricity. Linen supplied. For further details please apply May & Co., 6 Fernhead Rd., W.9. LAD. 1151/2.

LARGE sunny furn. rm., ckg. facs., use bath, tel., gdn. Only tenant. PRI. 6819.

CANADIAN architectural student and wife seek male paying guest, comfortable flat, N.W.2. 4gns Box 5087.

CHARMING Bed-sit. in flat nr. Baker St. Suit business person. CUN. 1323.

IN beautiful Richmond (15 min. Waterloo), professional person offered comf. 2-room flat, kit'ette. (c.h.w.), overlkg. garden. Continental meals opt. RIC. 0396.

BIRMINGHAM: art. professional household offers 3-rm. flat/heat/light in return for light housekeeping help: regret unsuitable young children. Box 4665.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

TUNBRIDGE Wells. Live independently in private house with gdn. 2 lge. flatlet rms. well apptd., all fac. (1 with priv. bath on grd. floor). 2½gns. & 3gns. Box 4791.

EXCHANGE: Short period Easter vac. Univ. Professor's house Highgate, close bus, Tube, sleep 5, in exchange for house in country, sleep 4 Box 4765.

EXCHANGE beautifully-situated modern house in fine country on edge of Oxford for one within few miles any sandy beach part/all August. Box 4858.

AUSTRALIAN visitors require furnished accommodation all districts. Own kitchenettes essential, will share bathrooms. No agents' letting fees. FRE. 9748.

BACHELOR business woman seeks independent accommodation, unfurn./part-furn. Pref. S.E.24 district. Box 4868.

BACHELOR, prof. occ., wishes meet another with house/flat to share on friendly indep. basis. Tel. & usual amens. essent. S.W.3/5/7 or W.8 pref. Box 4847.

BUS. woman reqs. furnished accommodation, own/use k. & b. Reas. access Fleet St. Use piano appreciated. Box 4848.

BUSINESS woman would like furn. room use kit. & bathroom, nr. bus route or tube. In private house or flat. Box 4783.

GRADUATE and wife seek flatlet Hampstead/Kilburn. £2 10s. approx. Box 4853.

WANTED: Small furn. house or flat (gr. floor) near beach, South Coast, 2 months from mid-May, reasonable. Suitable year-old baby. Box 4882.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

QUIET tenants sought for excep. S/C. furnished flat on Blackheath, S.E.3. 1 bedrm., 2 reception (spare divan), k. & b. Tel. Garage. Garden. Box 5101.

TO let furnished. Minimum 1 year. Family house in secluded Georgian square nr. River. Piccadilly 20 mins. 4 bedrooms, 3 recep. All conveniences. 9gns. RIV. 5636.

SUIT 3/4 friends, furn. flat, 2 dble. bdrms., lounge/din. rm., kit./dinette, mod. bthrm. 6gns. p.w. BIS. 7964, 9-6 p.m.

TO let for Easter and summer holidays, self-contd. flat in large yacht moored quay, Pembrokeshire. Suit family 3 or 4. Convenient for coast and countryside, peaceful comf. quarters and locality. Calor gas, elec. lt., water laid on. Write Marshall, The Quay, Haverfordwest.

FURNISHED cottage on farm near Savernake Forest to let. Three bedrooms, two sitting-rooms, all mod. cons., refrigerator, garden. £5 5s. Box 4709.

ASHDOWN Forest, holiday bungalow, sleeps 7. 2 acres orchard, stream. Secluded, yet near village; 20 miles sea. Indoor san., E.L., Cal. ckg., garage. Furn. from £4 10s. wkly. Chalet nearby perhaps available Box 4490.

SMALL modern cottage, Deal/Dover cliffs, available April, long let, £3 per week. Elec., tel., 3 rms., kit., bath., garage, garden. Tel. Kingsdown 49.

CORNISH Cliffs—Zennor—Furnished Bungalow to let (not June). Adams, 42 Ham St., Richmond, Surrey.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED—continued

NATUROPATH-Osteopath seeks small self-contained unfurnished flat, private use. W.1. area or nearby. Box 4694.

WANTED, 1/2 room unfurn. flat in block of flats. Central heating, 'phone; up to £2 rent. London or up to hour travel. Per January 1, 1956. Box 4697.

WANTED unfurn. s/c flat London, N. of river. Min 2 rooms, k. & b. Approx. £120 p.a., reasonable amount for fittings. Box 4257 or Meadway 2651 evenings.

UNFURNISHED flat or maisonette, 3/4 rooms, between Hampstead and Hammersmith wanted by March 31. Box 5023 or EUS. 6928 between 9 & 6.

CONSULAR Service Officer, wife & child, require mid-June to mid-Sept. fully-furn. 2- or 3-bedrm. house, easy reach sea, Dorset coast. Careful tenants. Box 4730.

HALF-House to let about June. Two ladies/couple with baby. About £5. £200 advance rent required. Box 5050.

WANTED: Unfurn. flat or accom. F. & F. up to £100. Box 4715.

UNFURN. s/c. small flat required by lady. F. & F. limit £300. Box 4638.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

£1650—Old Deal. Charming double-fronted period cottage. Hall, sitting-room, bow window, brick fireplace, book-shelves, dining-room, fireplace, cupboards, hatchway to kitchenette, with store cupboards, sink (h. & c.), point for gas cooker, 2 double bedrooms, both with fireplaces and wardrobe cupboards, bathroom with fitted bath (h. & c.), low level W.C. suite, airing cupboard, immersion heater Small yard, bicycle shed, side entrance, all main services. Also absolutely trouble-free net income £25 per annum. Vacant possession. Fullest particulars, Messrs. Bright & Bright, 29 Victoria Road, Deal (Tel. Deal 71).

OLD Bakehouse, Sussex Village with view of Downs. Nr. Lewes on main road to Coast, ½ hr. buses at door. 3 bed, 3 rec. (smallish), roomy kitch. with modern cooker and large (21ft. × 16ft.) additional room, beams and high-pitch roof. Could be reopened as Tea Room with exc. prospects. 2 acres incl. large paddock, Tea Gardens, all varieties fruit. Good outbuildings incl. deep-litter and barn suitable garage. All mains, telephone. Warm and in lovely order. £3,950. Box 4703.

ISLE of Skye. For Sale, Self-contained Dwelling-house, "Bayview," Broadford, Isle of Skye. The house which is delightfully situated, overlooking Broadford Bay, is of two storeys and contains: 3 Public Rooms, 7 Double Bedrooms and 1 Single Bedroom; Kitchen, Scullery and Bathroom (H. & C.), Electric Light. Outbuildings, consisting of stone-built shed and corrugated-iron building containing Garage and Coal Shed. A Glass Verandah runs the whole length of the front of the house. The ground extends to approximately one-quarter acre. Feuduty £2 15s. Assessed Rental £27. For further particulars and permission to view apply to Macdonald & Fraser, Solicitors, Portree, Isle of Skye, with whom offers should be lodged on or before March 14, 1955.

HOUSEBOAT. Complete home, sleep 4, £600. Thames-side garden. Laleham Reach. 'Phone Staines 3306. Box 4684.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE—continued

HAMPSTEAD. Detached Cottage with private aspect yet close to High St. Entirely decorated and nicely appointed. Attractive Lounge-Hall, splendid Lounge, 3 Bedrooms, mod. Kit. & Bathrm. Garage accom. £5,650 Freehold. Apply Box 4886.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

DUPLICATING; as clear and attractive as print; and of course we type anything expertly. Speedy, inexpensive. The Hampstead Secretarial Bureau, 2a Downshire Hill, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786

DALEY'S Typewriting, Duplicating, MSS. 2 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. HOL. 5157.

MRS. Archer for MSS. Secretarial/Duplctg. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. Bar 5230.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating, circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

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MANUSCRIPTS expertly typed. Theses, novels, plays, &c. P. Sutton. FLA. 7967.

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by Famous Authors. Novels, Plays, Poetry, etc. Editing by expd. writer. Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

ALL kinds of MS. typed promptly & efficiently. Reas. charges Box 4769.

SECRETARIAL Aunts; all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand-typists, etc. Literary/commercial typing, duplicating, etc. Dictating machine hire service. 4-day service for any length M.S. Special rates students and societies. Public/private meetings, conferences, etc., reported. Translating from/into all European languages. 32/34 Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

£5 Week Sickness/Accident Insurance. Prem. £6. Broker, 130 Balfour Road, Ilford.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excell. acoustics f. recording. Small Hall & Committee Rooms also available. Apply Sec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Reader or Senior Lecturer in Sociology in the Department of Social Anthropology. Salary scales at present: Reader, £1,250×50—£1,600 per annum, Senior Lecturer, £1,150×50—£1,500 per annum, but are under review. Initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than March 14, 1955, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Accounting in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Salary on a scale £500×£1,100 per annum; initial salary according to qualifications and experience (salary scales are at present under review). Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than March 22, 1955, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Temporary Research Assistant in Economics. Applications are invited for the post of Temporary Research Assistant in the Department of Economics to assist with research on the structure of property and property ownership in post-war Great Britain. The appointment will be for one year in the first instance and may be renewed for a second year. Salary between £400 and £500 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent by March 31, 1955, to the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

EAST Riding of Yorkshire Education Committee. Bridlington High School for Girls. Applications are invited for the following posts which will become vacant in September, 1955. Bridlington High School is a three-form entry grammar school which has accommodation for about 75 boarders. Residential accommodation in one of the boarding houses may be made available if desired: (a) Assistant Mistress with good honours degree to teach French throughout the school to scholarship standard. (b) Assistant Mistress for Music, with good qualifications, to help with the teaching of school music at all stages including class singing, piano, and preparation for G.C.E. Burnham Scale of salaries. Applications by letter enclosing copies of recent testimonials should be forwarded to the Headmistress, High School for Girls, Bridlington, E. Yorks., as soon as possible. V. Clark, Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Beverley.

SCIENCE teachers with a genuine understanding of the methods of "progressive education" and interested in taking an active resident part in the development of a pioneer, parent-owned, co-educational "progressive school" at less than Burnham Scale, are invited to write fully to John Wood, New Sherwood School, Worpie Rd., Epsom, Surrey. Say what else you can do for children besides teaching science.

KENT Rural Music School. Vacancy for full-time teacher (some experience essential). Burnham scale. May or Sept. Mainly piano incl. some class work, also choral singing, appreciation, theory, etc. Centre Maidstone. Apply, with recent testimonials, to Director, Oakwood House, Maidstone.

LONDON, N.W. Wanted Sept.: Graduate to teach English and French to children aged 11 to 13. A man under 30 who can take games (cricket, hockey, assoc. football) will be prefd. Not less than 2 or more than 8 years' exp. desirable. Co-ed., prog. day sch., Recog., ind. Salary: Burnham (Lon.). King Alfred School, North End Rd., N.W.11.

DORSET. Required in September in Girls' Public Boarding School, Graduate Mistress teach Chemistry and Mathematics to University Scholarship level. Ability to help with Physics a recommendation. Resident/non-resident. Burnham Scale. Government pension scheme. Apply with testimonials. Box 4667.

THE National Association for Mental Health. Duncroft Approved School for Senior Girls. Required for this school, a Qualified Teacher and a House Instructress. This school accepts girls of reasonably good intelligence who are likely to benefit from psychiatric treatment given in the school. Terms of appointment, salary details, etc., given, on application, to the Headmistress, Duncroft, Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex.

BIRMINGHAM. Fircroft Residential College for Men. Applications invited for post of Matron/Housekeeper, with responsibility for catering and domestic staff in College for 40 students. Salary £250 by £15 to £350, position on scale according to qualifications and experience, plus board residence and superannuation. Ann. holidays—6 wks. Applics., with names of 2 referees, to Warden, Fircroft College, Bournville, Birmingham 30.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX County Council, Education Committee. Acton Technical College, High Street, Acton, W.3. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer (Grade B) in the Department of Management and Production Engineering. Applicants should be prepared to work closely with the production engineering staff in developing with industry collaborative teaching demonstrating the interdependence of the technical and social factors affecting manufacture. Desirable qualifications include a degree in one of the subjects of Social Science and some experience of industry, consultancy or social research. There will be an opportunity of working with an existing social research team. Salary in accordance with the Burnham (Technical) Report, 1954. Application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope) from the Principal to whom completed forms should be returned within fourteen days of the appearance of this advertisement. C. E. Gurr, Secretary to the Education Committee.

B.B.C. requires Programme Organiser for its Colonial Service in London to assist Head of Colonial Service in general supervision of programmes and himself to produce talks, discussions, commentaries on political affairs and literary readings. Applicants must have general interest in Commonwealth affairs and particular interest in British Colonial Territories with some knowledge preferably through direct personal experience, of their political, economic, social and cultural trends. Some knowledge and experience of Africa especially desirable. Salary £1,085 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,465 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "736 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

APPLICATIONS are invited from experienced social caseworkers for the post of Senior Social Worker in an experimental casework/groupwork project aimed at promoting the well-being of families in an East London area. The appointment calls for ability to plan the work of the project, to supervise and direct the activities of other members in a team and to prepare material for and participate in the writing of a final report. Applicants should hold recognised academic qualifications in the social sciences and should have completed a professional training in social casework. The appointment which is for six months in the first instance is to the staff of a five year project. Salary £850 per annum. Superannuation transfers considered. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience and giving the names of two referees should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Shoreditch Project Committee, 46 The Chase, London, S.W.4, from whom further information may be obtained.

LONDON County Council invites applications from women with suitable experience for appointment as Deputy Warden (resident) of Gisburne House Approved School, Watford. The school is being reorganised to provide for 40 girls of good intelligence, age 15-17 on admission, a full programme of physical and mental activities, including home-making. The Children's Committee are seeking to appoint a woman capable of directing the home side of the school (a domestic management qualification would be an advantage, but is not essential) who will join with the Warden in creating a sympathetic approach to the problems of adolescent girls and who understands the advantage of a psychiatric approach to juvenile delinquency. Salary scale: £691 to £866, less a charge at the rate of £108 a year for emoluments. Six weeks' annual leave. Only single accommodation is available. Further details and application form (s.a.e.) from the Children's Officer (CH/A2/152), L.C.C., County Hall, S.E.1.

QUALIFIED Social Worker (woman) is required for a post of exceptional interest on the outskirts of Liverpool, involving an original approach to the problems of new communities. General casework experience and an interest in group work are necessary. Salary approximately £650 and car allowance. Full particulars available from General Secretary, Liverpool Personal Service Society (Inc.), 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1, to whom completed applications should be made within 3 weeks of appearance of this advt.

ASSISTANT Occupational Therapist (female) required. Candidates should possess the Psychological qualification. National Whitley Council Salary Scale. Established, pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three referees to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex.

APPLICATIONS invited from experienced Welfare Workers for posts in Working Girls' Hostels:—(1) Superintendent—Norwich (12 girls). (2) Matron to assist Superintendent—Ilford, Essex (8 girls). Apply in writing to Miss Dyson, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

FEATHERS Clubs Association. Youth Club Leader full-time required for mixed youth club in Wembley. Part-time Boys' Club Leader required for North Kensington. For particulars of salary and pension scheme for full-time Leader apply to: Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready Street, N.W.8.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HOSPITAL Management Committee No. 10—Wakefield "B" Group. Stanley Royd Hospital, Wakefield. Appointment of a Senior Psychiatric Social Worker and a Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications invited for above positions from persons holding a certificate or diploma approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. Senior Psychiatric Social Worker: Salary Scale £500×£20 to £640 per annum. Psychiatric Social Worker: Salary Scale £470×£15 to £560 per annum. Possession of a car will be an advantage and mileage allowances will be paid in accordance with Ministry of Health Regulations. The appointment will be subject to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations and the successful applicant will be classified as a mental health officer. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, etc., and giving the names and addresses of two persons for reference, should be addressed forthwith to the undersigned. W. Bowring, Group Secretary, Victoria Chambers, Wood Street, Wakefield.

GENERAL Sales Manager required for an internationally known manufacturer of communication equipment. The applicant must have a first class knowledge of telecommunications, including internal telephones, electronic systems and public address equipment. He must also be able to prove an outstanding record in the promotion of sales in this field. He will at present be holding a position as Sales Manager for a similar organisation; or at least as Assistant Sales Manager. The right man could expect a starting remuneration in the region of £4,000 p.a. Write in confidence in the first place to William F. Prior, Solicitor, 4/5 Staples Inn, W.C.1, marking envelope "Ref. G.S.M."

ROYAL College of Art. Organising Secretary (woman) required in School of Graphic Design. Good educational background and knowledge of publishing desirable. Salary scale £450×£25—£625 p.a. Pensionable. Particulars and forms from the Registrar, Royal College of Art, S.W.7.

SOCIAL Workers required as temporary assistant organisers of children's care work in the Public Health Department of the London County Council. Duties concerned with social work in connection with the school health service, including recruitment and training of voluntary workers. Social Science qualification desirable but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £478-£637. Application forms and details obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/DI), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, and returnable by March 10.

FAMILY Service Units is already working in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, York, Bradford, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London, and is being asked to extend its service to other parts of the country. Social workers interested in participating in this development can obtain further details from Secretary, 25 St. Mary's Grove, N.1.

EARLY forthcoming vacancy. Active couple (or possibly lady only) to manage large Guest House at South Coast resort catering largely for members and friends of Toc H, W.V.S., Quakers, etc. Open throughout year. 20/42 guests. Some experience essential. Salary (if joint appointment) £400-£500 plus full board and other benefits. No accommodation for children. Write fully, experience, age, when free, etc., Box 5098.

BEATTIES of Wolverhampton have a vacancy in their Display Department for a Showcard and Ticket Writer. Experience of Silk Screen work an advantage. Must be good letterer, neat quick worker. Good salary, Profit Sharing & Superannuation schemes. Apply by letter with samples of work to Staff Controller, James Beattie Ltd., Wolverhampton.

BRIGHT, well-educated young man required by progressive City firm to open up new machinery and steel department. We want great activity, good presentation, experience export problems, sound knowledge at least one foreign language prefd. French, ready travel abroad extensively. Box 5041.

EXPERIENCED Reporter wanted by The Jewish Chronicle, N.U.J. Must have knowledge Jewish affairs. Languages an advantage. Apply The Editor, The Jewish Chronicle, 32 Furnival St., London, E.C.4, giving full details age, experience.

B.B.C. requires men or women for temporary appointment as dictation typists in Portuguese, Spanish, Brazilian and Spanish Latin-American Sections. Ability to take dictation direct on to typewriter and fast accurate typing in language concerned essential. Good knowledge of English desirable. Salary £7 10s. per week. Requests for application forms (encl. addressed env. and quoting reference "737 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1 within 5 days.

SECRETARY required by senior partner West End Solicitors for letters, reports. Legal experience not necessary, but first-class speeds and high standard education essential. Age preferably 25-35. Salary £8 to £9 per week according age, experience. No Saturdays. Box 5062.

PUBLISHERS (W.C.1 district) urgently need shorthand-typist and typist, 5-day week. Box 4892.

PINEWOOD. The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter, requires housemother & kindergarten teacher. Elizabeth Strachan. Hele 390.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ANTIQUARIAN Booksellers, London, W.C.2, need Assistant. Literary background, business-minded, good typist. Apply with curriculum vitae to Box 4838.

ART gallery has part- or full-time vacancy for intelligent and reliable person who should be able to sell pictures. Apply Piccadilly Gallery, 16a Cork Street, W.1, in writing.

ASSISTANT wanted for Wholesale Booksellers. Typing, some book-keeping, knowledge German essential. Box 5112.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

EXPERIENCED office worker, woman, able to th./type, temporarily required by Travel Agency for part-time work (mornings). Write age, experience, etc. Box 5110.

MEDICAL Secretary/Chauffeuse (female) for Harley St. surgeon. Variable hours. Several other posts for medical secretaries, incl. one 20 miles west of London. £6 10s. plus flat. Wigmore Agency for Medical Secretaries, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951.

BURNETTS have available daily hundreds of interesting and highly-paid vacancies for expd. Secretarial, Office, Domestic and other staff. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

AUTHOR seeks capable and adaptable Private Secretary. Pref. with literary or dramatic experience, and living in/near W.C.1 district. Interesting work and easy but unconventional hours. Write fully stating age, experience and salary reqd. Box 4627.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand-Typists wanted for temporary work 10-5. No Sats. Duttons Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Girl as Trainee/Assistant, under I.B.P. agreement, wanted now by disabled woman portrait photographer, Kensington area. Box 4885.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

NOT-very-intellectual but overworked journalist & commercial artist, late 40s, moving country cottage Maidenhead district, need someone to run their home. Box 4843.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

DESIGNER, 5 years' television exp., reqs. post with Commercial Television. Would welcome enquiries. Box 4290.

YOUNG American married woman, graduate of Geneva University, French & some German, now studying for D.Phil (Oxon) in politics, desires part-time work; research, editing, coaching. Box 4773.

CAPABLE woman, intelligent, adaptable, seeks work where human care/interest needed. Country prefd. Wide exper., incl. welfare, domestic, secretl., land. Free April. Pioneer work welcomed. Box 4746.

LADY requires evening work Mon.-Thurs., general clerical, typing. Pref. with Doctor, but anything considered. Box 4840.

YOUNG lady reqs. full/part-time work. Commercial, teaching exp. Typist, painter, driver. Knidge. 3 languages. Box 4880.

LADY from France, musician, good entertainer, willing help with cooking, other household duties, sks. position in Hotel or guesthouse to learn English. Inquiries to Dr. Schweder, 36 Greenhill, N.W.3.

EDUC. woman, eight horse power car, reqs. interesting work in Buckinghamshire. Expd. interviewing all kinds people. Typing. Own machine. No week-ends. Box 4672.

LADY, British (44), fully expd. secretarial (executive level) sks post of interest and trust in office or home. Willing travel or live abroad. Highest refs. Box 4857.

EXPERT secretary-stenographer, excellent references, varied useful experience interviewing, reception, seeks interesting part-time post pref. E. London. Box 5015.

HOME Typewriting. Hewison, 21 Cambalt Rd., S.W.15. PUT. 6588.

WOMAN Graduate (30), experienced administration, social work, widely travelled, gd knowledge internat. affairs, linguist, typing, shorthand, sks. interesting post, pref. dealing with people. Box 4655.

ADAPT. girl grad. (Hons. Eng.), used children, sks. evg./w'end work. Box 4650.

RESIDENTIAL post in a community or family required July by mother with month-old baby. Experienced book-keeper. Willing to do housework; can drive. Box 4391.

REPORTER/Secretary, free occasionally. Phone ARChway 1765.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

IF you need an efficient secretary, junior or senior, apply to the Mayfair Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Lndn. W.1. May. 6626.

PERSONAL

ENGLISH Potter Sculptor wishes exchange house (6 rm., kit., bath., studio) in beautiful forest lake district mid-Sweden for house (studio if possible) British coast mid-June-end-August. Particulars: Stuart Beck, Lillerud, Dalen, Arvika, Sweden.

WOMAN interested Arts/Crafts seeks co-operation another. Accom. offered country house near Edenbridge. Box 4839.

YOUNG man (31) orphan, all alone, suffering from valvular heart disease and epilepsy, not invalid, would welcome suggestions on how to earn a living without further damaging his health. Box 4693.

NEEDED. Unfurn. 2/3 rooms, k. & b., pref. self-contd., top floor, phone; W.1. or N.W. Max. approx. £150 p.a. incl.; could buy some f/t. Offers Box 4718.

SWISS family, Neuchstel, wish exchange for one year from April daughter 17 with daughter English family, London area. Contact Franoux, 25 Dresden Rd., N.19.

ITALIAN lady, 23 years, studying English, seeks post as resident governess or au pair. Please write Box 5034.

GERMAN/English exchange. German girl (19), working boarding school here, wd. like join Engl. girl youth-hostelling holiday approx. Apr. 8-May 1. Box 4797.

YOUNG Swiss girl seeks post au pair with family May/Sept. Work morning, school afternoon. Box 5029.

YOUNG man seeks holiday companion (m.), 20-28. No politics. Box 4755.

SINGLE professional woman (38) seeks another (details please) with whom to plan cheap freelance holiday abroad, April/May, for instance Yugoslavia via Venice, or would share cost and driving of car tour if passengers required. Box 4759.

ROME. 2 seats avail. Dormobile lvg. April 1. Alan Field, 84 Grampians, W.6.

MAJORCA: Flat for 5 to let; servant; 12*gns.* month. FLA. 8667.

YOUNG man offers active partnership in new business. Reply fully Box 5021.

FOREIGN Student wanted to help in house and with children. Au Pair. Redstone, 3 Cholmeley Crescent, Highgate, N.6.

WOMAN 40 sks. place in family car going S. France 2-3 wks. summer. Share exp. Likes children. Spks. French. Box 4692.

PORTRAITS by established painter, about £25. Box 4687.

2 seats rqd. car Italian Riviera, June, 3 wks., trav. including return. Box 4671

BACHELOR (50), Birmingham, seeks similar as companion for Continental holiday during August. Box 4685.

FRENCH Coast. 2 weeks. Couple with daughter 11 wish share villa flat with similar family. Suggestions welc. Box 4678.

WILL animal lover or lovers (adults only) stay in advertiser's small house near Amersham for fortnight in summer to mind large family of cats (not pedigree)? Expenses and small remuneration. Box 4668.

COCKAIGNE Club: Social, literary, travel. Whitsun: 15 days Dordogne, etc. Russell, 18 Manor Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 4068.

SHARE in Travel Agency wanted, owner to advise on methods before take-over. Reply Box 4859.

PUBLISH your own book. Publisher offers facilities/advice. Box 4896.

CHAIRMEN, Managing Directors, do you need the services of a young man as a Personal Assistant? 28, tall, well-spoken, interesting personality, gay, sober, industrious, tactful, only the best vices, mobile, single. May I come and see you? Box 4874.

STUDENT needs buy, borrow, material Indian Communism. V. Gladstone, 19 Kenneth Ct., 173 Kennington Rd., S.E.11.

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PENMAN Club Members, throughout the world, receive market advice, and free criticism of all their MSS. S.A.E. for prospectus. No obligation. The General Secretary, Dept. S., Penman House, 378a London Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

BOYS & girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, now at The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter, Elizabeth Strachan, Hele 390.

HALL of Institute of Journalists available for mtgs. Seats up to 100. Mod. rental. Apply Gen. Sec., 2-4 Tudor St., E.C.4.

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SMOKING, New cure. Drugless. Prospectus: Ridley, Taggart Avenue, Liverpool.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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PERSONAL—continued

WARM and comfortable old country house with all modern amenities, open to paying guests or convalescents in need of good air, good home-grown food and farm produce. Care and understanding. Breakfast in bed if required. Surrounded by woods and gardens and farming country; on Essex-Suffolk borders, within reach of the sea. 5½*gns.* a week till Easter. Sec., Ardleigh Park, Colchester. 'Phone: Ardleigh 246.

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TALKING about languages is not enough. Can you talk in a foreign language? For all languages, short intensive courses in Conversation at The Mentor, TRA. 2044 or call 11 Charing Cross Rd., W.C. Open 1-9.30 p.m.

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CZECHOSLOVAKIA! Join holidaymakers from many lands at the beautiful, health-giving spa of Marianske Lazne. Swimming, dancing, climbing and relaxing amidst glorious scenery. Two days in the ancient capital of Prague with many interesting excursions and a variety of cultural entertainments. £46 all in. July 31-Aug. 14 and Aug. 14-28. Send 2½*d.* stamp for free illustrated brochure to: Progressive Tours, Dept. D, 100a Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

ISRAEL. Summer Institute for Jewish students and graduates. Seven weeks in Israel for £85, all incl. Party leaves early July. Apply now to "Summer Projects in Israel," 65 Southampton Row, W.C.1.

CRUISE the canals. Fully equipped motor cruisers for hire. Brochure: Canal Pleasurecraft (S), Stourport, Worcs.

PERSONAL—continued

EASTER and Spring Holidays. The Spring will soon be here and our arrangements will provide just that break you need after the winter! Join our Stratford-on-Avon weekend (March 11-14) or one of our Spring ski-ing holidays in Austria or Switzerland. Easter parties to Paris, Amsterdam, Rome, Assisi, Florence and the Riviera. Majorca or a cheerful house party on the river or by the sea in Sussex. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

ALLWAYS Air and Coach Tour of Italy visits Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Pompeii, Capri and gives adequate leisure throughout. Optional extension to Sicily or Ischia. May we send details of this exceptional escorted tour or he'p you with your independent arrangements? Allways, 17, Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

HOTEL Plan Ltd. offer the finest choice of Continental holiday tours at prices that defy comparison. Typical 8-day holiday bargains including fare and hotel: France from 14*gns.*, Germany from 14½*gns.*, Scandinavia from 24*gns.*, Spain, 15 days, from 35*gns.* Couchettes from 15*s.* on our Special Train. Also Cruises and Coach tours. Send for free programme to Hotel Plan Ltd., 2 Church Place, Piccadilly, London, S.W.1. REG. 5701-8.

SPAIN. Holiday on glorious Costa Brava arranged by Progressive League, August 6-21, in John Langdon-Davies' guest house, San Feliu de Guixols. Enchanting fishing villages, perfect beaches, excursions by boat and by motor-coach, picnics, music and poetry, lectures. Friendly informal atmosphere, non-members welcomed. Cost from £33. Full particulars from Holiday Organiser, 10 Park Drive, N.W.11.

EASTER: Cornwall, Whitsun: Dordogne, with Cockaigne Club. Progr. Russell, 18 Manor Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 4068.

RELAX in the sun at the Holiday Villages of the Club Mediterranee of Paris. Capri, Corfu, Djerba, Elba, Palinuro, Tahiti. Underwater exploration and fishing, water ski-ing, French cooking, excursions. Full details from Travel Counsellors, Ltd., 75 Warwick Road, London, S.W.5. FREmantle 8887.

SOUTHERN Spain this year? Avoid that tedious overland journey by taking advantage of Poly's unique combined sea and coach tour. Six nights at sea on a Cruising Liner—nine nights touring Andalucia by luxury motor coach. Departures from Southampton, July 16 and September 24. Inclusive terms from 49*gns.* Leaflet from Poly Travel, Shipping Division (Section MM), 311 Regent Street, W.1.

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JERSEY, the Island that has everything for every holiday-maker. Gay Continental atmosphere, warm seas of Mediterranean blue; scenery that is a glorious kaleidoscope of the splendid, the quaint, the serene. Travel by British Railways or fly by British European Airways Free literature from Box 324, Official Tourist Information Centre, Jersey, or Travel Agents. One Island—20 Resorts with the longest sunshine season.

CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia, Costa Brava. A 14-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these Mediterranean Paradise resorts on specially advantageous terms. Full board and accommodation from £43 15*s.* Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise for £63 10*s.* Plan now. Write or 'phone for five exciting fully illustrated free colour brochures to Dept. N.S.9, Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

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AU Pair posts, pocket money, 3-12 mths. for educ. yng. ladies wil. help childn., light hswk., in exc. fam. France, Belg., Germ., Canada, U.S.A. Same arrangem. for foreign girls coming to England. Summer bkgs. shd. be made now. S.a.e. Educ. Tour. Serv., 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KNI. 4132.

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CARAVAN hols. French Riviera paradise. 4*gns.* p. hd. wk. Ashford (Mx.) 4329.

PERSONAL—continued

MARCO Polo Travel has a few vacancies for Spain at Easter, March 30-April 23 at 75*gns.*, and April 8-24 at 51*gns.* An opportunity to see Semana Santa and the Spring Fair in Seville. Also limited accommodation. Greek cruise, March 31-April 24 from 88*gns.* Rome, Athens, Rhodes, Crete, etc. Details 7 (B.5) Hanover St., W.1. MAI. 9919.

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P.S. Harold Ingham's Summer Schools programme includes courses in Austria, Greece, Italy, Spain, Switzerland and Yugoslavia—also special "Musicians' Tours." Period 14-26 days, costs 26½-59*gns.*

P.P.S. Apply now to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Telephone: Harrow 1040.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THIS Rising Revolt Against Adenauer" is described by Erich Meyer, a journalist in West Germany, in the March "Labour Monthly." Order 1*s.* 6*d.* all newsagents. Or 9*s.* half year's sub. from N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

BRITAIN'S Economy (4-p. Supplement). Also Bankers Speak; German View on Arms; End of Requisitioning. Labour Research, 9*d.*, 2 Soho Square, W.1.

READ latest popular psychological works. Postal Library of Psychology, 48 Ring Rd., Crossgates, Leeds. Books for sale.

AMERICAN magazines by yearly postal subscription. "National Geog. Magazine," 49*s.* 2*d.*; "Life" (Int.), 45*s.*; "Popular Mechanics," 32*s.*; "Popular Photography," 36*s.*; complete price list free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

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WE buy libraries, social-economic lit., Penguins, Reprint, R.U., review copies. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

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ECONOMIC Journal, 1926-1954 (6 numbers missing), unbound, for sale, £10. Telephone London CENtral 4763.

OUR List No. 12 of French books on all subjects will be sent on request. New French books supplied at published price plus postage only. Open until 6 p.m. Closed Sats. Librairie Française, R. G. Boulton, 17 Gillingham St., London, S.W.1. VIC. 1583.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, general subjects, chess, political, poetry, Everymans. Lists: A. Curtis, 46 Tankerton Rd., Tolworth, Surrey.

SCHOOLS

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 340

ASIA Emergent: Conference, Sat., Sun., Mar. 12/13, at National Hotel, Bedford Way, off Russell Square. Chair., Wm. Sewell. Sat., 2.30, A. Roth: India: The Ideological Conflicts; 5.15, M. Makihara: The Revolution in Japan. Sun., 3 p.m., O. Van der Sprenkel: China: The Ideas of Mao Tse-Tung. 5.45, Dr. V. Purcell, C.M.G.: S.E. Asia: The Growth of Nationalism. Admission: 2s. per lecture. Course ticket 6s. obtainable at door or from Sec., Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

"RELATIONS between Synagogue and Church since the Rise of Christianity." Three Lectures by the Rev. Dr. James Parkes. Sundays, March 6 and 20, and April 3 at 3.30 p.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue (Hall), 28, St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

URCHFONT Manor. Selected Courses. Week-end Mar. 18-20, "Report from Russia." Accounts by recent visitors. Week-end April 15-17, "Introduction to Opera." An illustrated review of the main composers, past and present. Week (Easter Week), April 7-13, "Religion and the Social System." Can beliefs travel through time and space and remain unchanged? This Easter Course explores the give and take between Christianity, Hinduism, Buddhism and Marxism, and the societies in which they flourish. Also week and week-end courses on literature, criticism, psychology, theatre, travel, writing for radio, etc. Family courses, with special provision for children, in July and August. Details in Summer Programme available from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Diploma in Social Science. The College offers, in October, 1955, a full-time course extending over two sessions leading to the Diploma in Social Science. For graduates the length of the course may be reduced to one session. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea.

BIRKBECK College (University of London). Session 1955-1956 begins Monday, October 3, 1955. Part-time (Evening) Courses provided for Internal Degrees in the Faculties of Arts and Science and for the Academic Post-Graduate Diploma in Psychology. Facilities also provided for part-time and full-time students reading for Higher Degrees in Arts and Science. Applications for admission should be made before June 1. Pamphlet and form of application may be obtained from the Registrar, Birkbeck College, Malet St., W.C.1.

BEYOND Materialism: a weekend of inquiry and discussion, Mar. 25-27, at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

PENSION for Adult Education and School of Languages, Ringgenberg, Near Interlaken, Switzerland. Three and four months courses (languages, housekeeping, lectures, sports) for girls 15 to 20. Very moderate fees. Brochure from Mr. & Mrs. Waeny-Hansen, Ringgenberg, Switzerland.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (all examining Boards) London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., B.Sc.Sociology, LL.B., B.D. Degrees & Diplomas; Law and Professional exams., mod. fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

PAINTING Rooms: Day & Evening Classes, with models. Private tuition if desired. Reasonable terms. 374 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. TER. 7603 or MAI. 7096.

JUDO Courses for Beginners. Apply Secretary, The Budokwai, 4 Gilston Rd., S.W.10. (Tel. KEN. 1540 after 3 p.m.)

THE School of Self-Management where you can learn to overcome bad habits of posture, movement and tension. In addition to private lessons there are special classes for housewives, pregnant women, children, and special groups by arrangement, as well as a Training Course for Teachers of the method. Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road, London, W.11. Tel. PARk 7222.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style, Beginrs. crse., all ages. Brochure, Spanish Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

PIANO Lessons, Chelsea. Peggy Gray, A.R.C.M., studied under Kendall Taylor & Harold Craxton, accepts pupils. FLA. 2408.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Easter School, April 7-11, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Life in a Socialist Britain, Lord Campion, Ernest Davies, Wilfred Fienburgh, Ian Mikardo, Malcolm Muggeridge, Sir Leslie Plummer, W. A. Robson. Details, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

FREUNDSCHAFTSHEIM. International Peace Centre near Hanover. Easter Conference: "Education for Peace." Apr. 6-13. Excursions & social contacts. Cost 4*gns.* plus fares. Partics.: A. Brocklehurst, 77 Brent Way, Finchley, N.3.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 2 to September 16, 1955. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studios, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

LONDON University Extension Summer School, Wye College, near Ashford, Kent. July 30-August 13, 1955. Courses of Study: 1, Social Studies; 2, Trends in Music, Painting and The Novel; 3, Horticulture (The English Flower Garden); 4, Field Archaeology; 5, Local Studies in Kent; 6, Religion, Science and Civilisation; 7, Sources of Kent History; 8, Architecture. All courses of two weeks' duration (except 7 and 8). Inclusive fee: one week £5 10s., two weeks £10 10s. Prospectus from the Deputy Director (Ext. 1), Univ. of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

TEENAGE Easter Holidays. Stimulating and amusing 8 days in Drama School, Interval Club, London, W.1. Also Schools in Summer Holidays, London and Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey. Director: Marion Naylor. Fees, 4½-6*gns.* Hostel accommodation available. Expressionist dramatic work, make-up, visit backstage London Theatre, etc. Syllabus: Mrs. L. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

SPRING and Summer Study Courses. Programme of summer courses on many subjects, open to all over 18 years of age, now available. Fees inclusive of full board, accommodation and tuition from 30s. weekend, £4 5s. five-day course. Write to: The Warden, Burton Manor College, Burton in Wirral, Cheshire. (JA.3832)d.

UNIVERSITY/W.E.A. Summer School at Southampton, July 9 to 23. £5 5s. a week in University Hall of Residence. Excel. programme of studies & excursions. Engs.: J. Parker, M.A., University, Southampton.

ROME—July 25-Sept. 2. Very important course entitled "Italian Art & Civilisation," presided over by Prof. Lionello Venturi, Rome University. Includes one week visiting Naples, Pompei, etc. Accommodation and local transport provided. Moderate price. Write immediately for full information English Language Institute, 107 Via Plebiscito, Rome.

ST. Peter's Loft, St. Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio and workshop. Peter Lanyon—William Redgrave—Terry Frost. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials, Lectures. Accommodation arranged.

SWEDEN: Popular course "Modern Sweden" at residential college near Stockholm followed by 1 week's study tour. Aug. 14-Sept. 1, 1955. Prospectus Swedish Inst., 49 Egerton Crescent, S.W.3.

HOUSE Party Holidays with Foreign Language Practice in Britain, Austria and the Italian Adriatic or Majorca. Study Courses and Art-Lovers' holidays in Austria and Germany. Erna Low, 47 (HP) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

FREE Scholarships to German Summer Schools are available to many trade unionists. For others there is a reduced charge of £18 18s. This includes board at College, tuition and air fare. Write for particulars to N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

EASTER SCHOOLS, etc.—cont.

HOLIDAY plans can include a visit to Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Send card for new list of special holiday courses.

SCHOLARSHIPS

A LIMITED number of scholarships in all fields of study, including Fine Art, Music, Drama, Ballet, is being granted to British students by the French Government for ten months' study in France beginning October, 1955. Applications should be sent to the Cultural Attaché, French Embassy, 22 Wilton Crescent, London, S.W.1, not later than March 15.

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting. Five annual entrance scholarships and one exhibition for men or women who wish to train as professional artists: all awards tenable for four years. Competition in April: details from Sec., Byam Shaw School, Campden St. Kensington W.8 before Mar. 31.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

TREHARROCK Manor, Cornwall. Continental Holiday now midst spring flowers, near loveliest beaches, on Cornish Riviera. Remarkably sheltered. Few vacancies Easter. Later on glorious surf-bathing. Polzeath. Sunshine. Safe, golden sands. Fishing, boating, sailing in Italian-like villages. Salmon, trout. T.V. lounge. Billiards. Table tennis. Children's room. Golf (Rock). Open all year. Select. Re-equipped. 5 hours London. 11*gns.* except July-Sept. Superb cooking. Miss Wainewright, Port Isaac 234.

OLD Jordans Hostel, Beaconsfield, Bucks. Quaker Guest House. Central heating, h. & c. every bedroom.

CORNWALL, South. Housel Bay Hotel. The Lizard. Most Southerly Hotel in Great Britain. Magnificent coastal scenery. Good food and comfort a speciality. Licensed. Brochure on application.

EARLY Holidays in "Britain's Best Climate." All desiring warmth & comfort will enjoy this small, quiet hotel. 4½/7*gns.* (inexpensive twin-bedded rooms), fully inclusive. Vegetarian if desired. Cen. htg. everywhere. Slumberlands, Rec. by rdrs. Illus. brochures. Facing Sth., opp. covered prom.; nr. Pier & Sun-Lounge orchestra. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Winter terms till Whitsun. Town amenities ½ price in May. Also bkng. for Summer 5½/8*gns.* 'Phone Hastings 4784.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Robertsbridge 126.

CORNWALL.—Seafront, mid-promenade. Safe bathing, op. house. H. & C. B./B. 10s. 6d. Sneen, 4 Marine Terrace, Penzance.

THERE'S only one way to rest. Get away from home and the odd jobs. Have breakfast in bed. Good food and deep sleep, fresh air at Kathleen Batten's hotel, Old Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne 17. Nr. East Grinstead.

BOOK holidays now in lovely Connemara. Modern licensed guest house. H. & C. bedrooms. Excellent table, bathing, boating, fishing, motoring available. Terms mod. Broch.: Mrs. Grenville Holms, Dooneen House, Letterfrack, Co. Galway, Ireland.

MULLION, South Cornwall. Mount's Bay Hotel offers every comfort. H. & C. and spring int. mattresses. Cocktail lounge (Club Licence). Open all the year. Resident Proprietors Mr. & Mrs. R. Poynter.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside, within reach of Eastbourne. Good food; comfy beds; spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam (Horam Rd. 52).

BETTWS-Y-COED district. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort; Continental cooking. 7½*gns.* Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

RYE. The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for Spring holidays. Rye 2216.

RYE. Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive a few guests. Rye 2207.

ROSELAND, Cornwall. For Spring and Summer holidays. Small Guest House on sea edge. Safe bathing. Mrs. Job, Tizva, Veryan. Tel. 350.

S. DEVON Mansion; twixt moors, sea, towns; holiday flatlets, chalets; Merrington, Strode, Ermington. Modbury 362.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. Noted for comfort and good food. Facing sea. A.A. recommended.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses, The Bide-a-While Book, 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

SEA Palling, Norfolk. Quiet village, excellent beach, near Broads Sanctuaries. Carefree holidays, comfort, good food (vegetn. catering available). S.A.E. Woodbine Guest House. Tel. Hickling 236.

MOUNTAIN farm, Snowdonia. Beautiful view, rooms and food. Hot baths, log fires. 7*gns.* inclusive. Box 3819.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

CORNWALL. Cliffside, Port Isaac 285. Homely Guesthouse facing sea; farm produce, ev. conf. Excellent catering. 4½-6½*gns.*

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5½-6½*gns.* George and Elaine Bonner, Fenrallt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanrwst 166.

KESWICK: Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, in unique position, is an excellent centre for exploring the beauties of the English Lake District. First-class food, personal supervision. Home-made bread, &c., comf., friendly atmosphere. Vacancies for Easter. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

FOR enjoyable days and comfortable nights stay at Ty Llwyd Guest House, Pen-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, N. Wales. Good walking, mountn. fishing. D., B. & B., 5½*gns.*

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms., 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages, Superlative food. 7*gns.* Summer 7½-9*gns.*

SOUTH Devon. Glen Cottage Period Guest House, Strete, nr. Dartmouth. Overlooking sea. Under new ownership. Excellent cuisine. Ideal touring centre. Vacancies throughout year. Brochure.

GUESTS welcomed in country cottage on W. Cornish coast. 5½*gns.* Nora Frame, Mariners Cottage, Botallack, St. Just.

AN ideal holiday or weekend in Surrey Pinehills: swimming, tennis, dancing. Treetops Holiday Camp, Farley Green, nr. Guildford. Tel. Shere 107.

PORLOCK. Halsecombe House, betw. Exmoor & sea; friendly guest-hse. Ample wall-skd. country fare. Garage. Stabling. Pers. attention. Mr. & Mrs. W. J. Holmes.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Sea, cliffs, downs. Old Norton House. Sm. luxury hotel, on famous old Green. Rooms of distinction; cent. htg.; excep. food; friendly atmos. 8*gns.* Brochure. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

FARM holidays with us will really do you good. Lovely house. Enchanting views. Details, Mrs. Marsden, Uplands, Winscombe, Somerset.

BUDE, Cornwall. Spend a carefree holiday in the friendly atmosphere of the Hawarden Hotel, which adjoins surfing and bathing beach. Tel. 147.

PEAK District, Ridge Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith (via Stockport). Mountain air, home cooking, personal attention. Brochure.

MOUNTAIN Guest House, families welcome. Walking, climbing. Good food. Hot water. Paul and Beryl Work, Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert, North Wales.

FARM and Country Holidays: Guide for 1955 describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms and Guest Houses. Pages of pictures. 3s. 3d. post paid. Farm Guide, Dept. S.N., 18 High Street, Paisley.

CLEW Bay, W. Coast of Ireland. Enjoy your holidays here this year. Tariff from Avondale House, Mallaranny, Co. Mayo.

AUSTRIA-Tyrol, Hotel B'a'rnstatt Scheffau. Full board £6 per week. Direct road travel by Dormobile or railway. Full information: Alan Field, 84 Grampians, W.6.

FRENCH Riviera: Sévigné Hotel, Roquebrune, Cap Martin. 1 mile Monte Carlo. Flowered terrace o/looking sea. Unique site. Excellent food. Mod. terms. Marcel Radenne.

CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful, quiet situation above sandy beach. Modern comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates to July 15. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

INEXPENSIVE homely holidays in Switzerland. 1,200 alt. télécab, friendly atmosphere. Apply Home Alpin, Les Bosquets, Les Diablerets, Switzerland.

COSTA Brava—second-class hotel offers special facilities for groups; beach 50 yards, dancing, tennis, excursions. Agent: Arthur Whaley, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. MOL. 2105

AUSTRIA. Hotels from 12s. 6d. per day inclusive. Box 5113.

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SPRING sun now on Côte d'Azur. Large private parc between sea and pines. Reduced rates winter season. Brochure: Le Gros Pin, Le Brusc, Var.

JUAN-les-Pins. Hotel Printania for good cooking, comfort; moderate prices, English spoken.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St. W.1. MUS. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

EMBASSY. PRI. 2211. M. to F. 7.30. Th. 2.30. S. 5, 8. World of Sholom Aleichem.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place (nr. Islington Tn. Hall). Tavistock Rep. in "The Little Foxes" by Lillian Hellman. Opens tonight, Fri. Mar. 4. Also Sat. 5, Sun. 6 (mems. only), Thurs. 10, Fri. 11, Sat. 12, at 7.30. Book CAN. 3475 (9-6), or CAN. 5111 after 7.

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. Sun. Club 7.45. "Volpone" by Ben Jonson.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). Last 2 days, 5 & 8: "The Ghostwriters." Mems.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon. 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "After the Show." Mems. 10s. yr. incls. Guest Ticket.

UNITY Theatre (Eus. 5391). Film prog. Mar. 4-6, Fri. 7.45 "Childhood of M. Gorky"; Sat., 7.45, "Alexander Nevsky"; Sun., 4 o'c. "New Gulliver," 7.45, "Kidnapped." 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d. Mems only.

MARIONETTE Theatre, Highgate. Perfs. every Sun. at 3 & 7. Seats: GUL. 7208.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until Mar. 6: Renoir's "The Golden Coach" (U). From Mar. 7: Eisenstein Season: "Ivan the Terrible" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3520. Sunday, Mar. 6, 7.30. "Black 13" (A). "Sposo Non Puo Attendere" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Open to public Sat., Mar. 5. Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers in: Follow the Fleet (U). Supporting prog. (A). 2, 4, 6, 8.

CANCELLED. March 13, Palace Theatre showing of Joris Iven's "Song of the Rivers" owing to refusal of British Board of Film Censors to grant certificate without sweeping and unacceptable cuts. W.F.T.U. Educ. Ctee., 6 Chichester Chambers, Chichester Rents, London, W.C.2.

KENSINGTON Town Hall, one perf. only: German film "Condemned Village" (Eng. titles), Tu., Mar. 8, 8 p.m. Ent. 9d. Organised by Ken. Assn. for Peace.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society Dance at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Saturday, March 5, 7.30 p.m. Admission 3s. (with running buffet).

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assn. Wed., Mar. 9. Dance at the Porchester Hall, Porchester Rd., W.2, 7.30 to 11.30. Harry Musikant & his Orchestra. Tickets at door (non-members 6s. 6d.).

LONDON'S Newest Rendezvous, 214 Piccadilly, W.1. Sunday, March 6, from 7.30 p.m. Dancing to the Ernie Ward Trio. Admission 5s. Yearly mem. 1s. (Sunday Club).

DANCE with the Central London Fabian Society, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1, Sat., Mar. 12, 7.30-11 p.m. Adm. 3s. Come early—it's only 2s. 6d. before 8 p.m.

I.C.A. Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Noveltones," Sat., March 5, 8-11 p.m. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., guests 5s. Mem. invited.

HAMPSTEAD Arts Ball. Theme: Diaghilevity. Hampstead Town Hall (off Belsize Park Tube), Fri., Mar. 11, 9-2.30 a.m. Special bus to West End and Chelsea. Ban on decor. now lifted. Tickets by post from Catherine Willmer, 5 Lyndhurst Rd., N.W.3, 15s. each. Fancy or Evening Dress.

CONCERTS

SCHUBERT Programme. Trios and Quintet ("The Trout"). Robert Masters Quartet with J. Edward Merritt. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. This Saturday, Mar. 5, at 8.15. (WAT. 3191).

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music. Telemann, Couperin, Vivaldi, Bach, Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, Saturday, March 12, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

BACH'S St. Matthew Passion. Royal Festival Hall, Tuesday, March 15, at 7.30. Hampstead Choral Society, Boyd Neel Orchestra, Martindale Sidwell. Tickets 5s. to 15s. (WAT. 3191.)

ROYAL Festival Hall. "The Genius of Bach." 12 weekly Bach concerts and organ recitals. Wednesdays, March 9 to May 25, at 5.45. Geraint Jones Singers and Orchestra, Geraint Jones (organ). Leaflets giving full progs. and tickets (subscriptions available) from Hall (WAT. 3191) and Agents

JACQUELINE Delman, Soprano (of Television, Radio & Opera). Schubert, Brahms, Mozart, Roger Raphael Violin, Paganini, Wieniawski, Kreisler, Bloch. This Sat., Mar. 5, 8 p.m. Anglo-Israeli Club, 43/44 Gt. Windmill St., W.1. Members 3s., Visitors 4s.

JURGEN HESS Piano Quartet. Works by Mozart, Schubert, Brahms. Wigmore Hall. March 7 at 7.30 p.m.

MUSIC-Lovers—Listen to the world's greatest opera performances and concerts. Details every Friday in "European Radio" (programmes of 20 stations). Price 6d. Newsagents or 137 Blackstock Rd., N.4.

EXHIBITIONS

CONTEMPORARY Italian Art. Arts Council Exhibition, New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Closes March 5. Fri., Sat., 10-6. Admission 1s.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

GANYMED Exhibition "Pictures You Can Live With." Granada, Norwood, until March 13. Admission free.

THE Arts of the T'Ang Dynasty. Exhibition organised by the Oriental Ceramic Society. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 30. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. 100 photographs of the Far East by Werner Bischof. Mon.-Fri. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Sat. until 1 p.m. Mems. free. Adm. 1s.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Recent Drawings by Josef Herman; Paintings & Theatre Designs by Kenneth Rowell.

100 Watercolours by Beric Young. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall East, S.W.1. Daily 10-5. 1s.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Souza. 11-5.30 daily.

GERMAN Architecture Today. R.I.B.A., 66 Portland Place, W.1. Till March 24. Mondays-Fridays 10-7; Saturdays 10-5. Admission free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: The Bearsted Collection. Opens March 9. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

LEIGHTON House, 12 Holland Park Rd., Kensington, W.14. A Retrospective Exhibition of Paintings & Drawings by Brian Hatton (1887-1916). March 11-25. Weekdays 11-7, Sats. 11-5. Adm. Free.

HEAL'S New Designs—1955. Exhibition of furniture, fabrics, electric fittings, pottery, etc., by leading designers. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St., W.1. Off the Beaten Track. Unfamiliar and neglected Masters. March.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Martin Bloch, 1883-1954. Paintings and Drawings.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Kikoine. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes April 2.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1 Exhibition of 90 Oil Paintings by Arthur Segal. February 16-March 12, daily 10-5 p.m., incl. Saturdays; closed Sundays.

BEN Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Paintings by Ziegler. Mon.-Fri. 10-5, Sun. 2-5. Till Mar. 28

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Twentieth Century Masters—Boccioni, Braque, Klee, Matisse, Modigliani, Picasso, Severini, etc. Until April 7.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Sculpture & Drawings, Aristide Maillol.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Paintings by J. D. Fergusson, Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. 5 Contemporary Glasgow Artists.

MORE new things from Scandinavia—and Hampstead Studios. Pottery, lamps, paintings, jewellery, greeting-cards. And we frame pictures. Hampstead Gallery, 12 Perrin's Court, N.W.3. HAM. 4899. Open all day Saturday.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. The London Group. 1st exhib. Artists' Prints & Monotypes. March 9-Apr. 2

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 183 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Adm. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. George Brown, M.P., "Labour's Agricultural Policy," Wed., March 9, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors welc., 2s.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. March 12 at 6. Dr. F. Malavasi: "Lorenzo De Medici."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon., March 7, 8.15. Jazz Series: Humphrey Lyttleton's Personal Choice, Desert Island Discs. Portrait of Duke Ellington by Vic Bellerby. Members 1s. 6d., guests 2s. 6d. Tues., March 8, 8.15. At French Institute, Queensberry Place, S.W.7. Matisse Memorial Lecture by Georges Duthuit. Chairman: Philip James. Tickets only bookable in advance from I.C.A. Gallery, GRO. 2569. Members 2s. 6d., guests 3s. 6d. Thurs., March 10, 8.15. 17 Dover St., W.1. Illus. Lecture Series, No. 2: Recent American Movies in Europe, by Karel Reisz. Chairman: Lawrence Alloway. Members 2s. 6d., guests 3s. 6d. Fri., March 11, 8.15. 2nd showing—projection of 120 Coloured Photographs of the Far East by Werner Bischof. Members 1s., guests 2s.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Mar. 8, J. Henry Lloyd, "Gambling—Its Social and Ethical Aspects." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m., To-night, Friday, Mar. 4, E. Koreing, F.R.A.S., M.R.I.Phil., M.Inst.P.I., "What did happen in the Beginning?" (Lantern lecture with models.) Friday, Mar. 11. See Conway Memorial Lecture. Adm. free.

LORD Boyd Orr, F.R.S., on "Ethics in the Atomic Age," 7.30 p.m., Friday, March 11, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Chairman: Lord Horder. Admission free.

CHINA and Formosa—two discussions on Sunday, March 20. The Formosa Crisis and How to Solve It (2.30 p.m.-4.30 p.m.). Chair.: W. Hannington; lecture: A. T. D'Eye. Five Glorious Years of New China (5.30 p.m.-7.30 p.m.). Lecture: John Horner, leading trade unionist recently returned from China. Delegates from organisations or visitors welcome at 2s. per person. Tickets from Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1. Discussion at "Pindar of Wakefield," Gray's Inn Rd.

BRITAIN'S H-Bomb. Mass Protest Meeting, Thursday, March 10, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Vera Brittain, John Hoyland, Emrys Hughes, M.P., Victor Yates, M.P., Dr. Alex Comfort, Rev. Claud Coltman, Canon T. B. Scrutton. Chairman, Sybil Morrison. Organised by Standing Joint Pacifist Committee. EUS. 5501.

"EDUCATION and Local Government," N. G. Fisher, M.A., giving Sir Philip Magnus Memorial Lecture in College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Sq., on Wed., March 16 at 6.45 p.m. Adm. free.

THE Members of the British Psycho-Analytical Society invite you to attend the annual Ernest Jones Lecture entitled "The Logic of the Unconscious," to be given on Mon., March 14, 8.30, in the Barnes Hall of the Royal Society of Medicine—by kind permission of that Society—by John Wisdom, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. Open every Friday, 6.30 p.m. Russian conversation, dramatic group. Fri., March 4, 8 p.m. Maurice Eisenberg ('cello recital Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Dvorak); Mon., March 7, 8 p.m. Svetlana Beriosova, "My life in Ballet." Fri., March 11, 8 p.m. Isaiah Berlin, "Herzen Bakunin on Human Liberty." Seats booked in advance. Open to non-members.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays, 8 p.m. March 6: "Theosophy and Science."

PHYLLIS Bentley on "Social Condition of Women in the Early Ninteenth Century," Thurs., March 10 at 7 p.m., Alliance Hall, Palmer Street, S.W.1. Refreshments from 6.30 p.m. Fawcett Society. Admission free.

WHY I Left. Harry McShane, 23 years member Scottish District Committee Communist Party, speaks on "Britain's Labour Movement. What Next?" Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Sunday, March 6, 7.30. Org. Federation Marxist Groups.

YOGA and Practical Mysticism—Lunch Hour Talks every Friday, 1.10 p.m., Victory House, Leicester Square, W.C.2 (behind the Chicken Inn). March 4, The Spirit of Independence. March 11, Wisdom Through Action. Adm. free. Arr. by Shanti Sadan.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Islamic Law: its Nature in the Light of History" will be given by Professor Schacht (Leiden) at 5 p.m. on March 7 at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Mar. 6, S. K. Ratcliffe, "The Parables of Jesus." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Handbills on request.

ALL Nations Social Club. "Some Views on British Colonial Policy." G. Beresford Craddock, M.P. (Cons.); Rt. Hon. A. Creech-Jones, M.P. (Lab., late Colonial Sec.); Joseph Murumbi (of Kenya). Wed., Mar. 9, at 8 p.m. 83 Chiltern St. (nr. Baker St. Stn.). Questions and discn. Non-mems. 1s. 6d. at door.

CENTRAL Jewish Literary Society meets Ealing Y.I. for another popular topical debate. Wed., Mar. 9, Folman's Restaurant, Noel St. (off Berwick St.), W.1. 8 p.m. Refreshments. Visitors welcome.

RACIAL Unity: Univ. Extension Lectures, 7 p.m. alternate Mondays, 32 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1. March 7, Mr. G. W. B. Huntingford, B.Sc. "Background in East Africa." Members free, sub. 5s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Annual Dinner & Dance, Crosby Hall, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3. Sat., April 2, 7 p.m. Speakers: Harold Wilson & Benn Levy. Tickets 12s. each from J. Lewis, 23b Sinclair Gdns., W.14.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Public lecture, Wed., March 9, 6.30 p.m. "The Teaching of the Dhammapada." Mr. W. S. Karunaratne. Wed., March 16 (to be advertised later)—members only. Why not become a member for further study?

DORIS Chaplin (Psychologist) & Ruth Hyatt (Probation Officer) on "Delinquency." Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green. March 6 at 7.15.

VIRGINIA Flemming: "The educational value of the Gospels." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., March 6, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, March 11. D. L. Murray, "The Place of Myths in Life." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

TELEPATHY, Clairvoyance, etc. Training and research groups now being organised by Assoc. for Psychical Research. Details: Secretary, 8 Lowfield Rd., W.2.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 p.m. Sunday, March 6. King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1, Nr. Bond St. Stn. Discourse by Rev. C. P. Bradley, "The Judæo-Christian Ethic."

ROBERT Gibbings gives an illustrated lecture on "Underwater Drawings" in Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St., E.C.1 (nr. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave.). Mon., Mar. 7, 8.15. Non-members 1s. (Arranged by Finsbury Art Group.)

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

GRESHAM College, Basinghall St., London, E.C.2. Four lectures on "Poetic & Rhetoric—Two Kinds of Meaning," will be given by the Professor in Rhetoric, Richard Hughes, Esq., O.B.E., Mon. to Thurs., March 7 to 10. The lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "Realismo en la literatura española del siglo XV" will be given by Professor Dámaso Alonso (Madrid) at 5.30 p.m. on March 14, 15 and 17 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. The lectures will be delivered in Spanish. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "Der Parzival Wolframs von Eschenbach" will be given by Professor F. Maurer (Freiburg) at 5.30 p.m. on March 9, 11 and 15 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. The lectures will be in German. Adm. free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: Two lectures on (i) "The Varangian Problem" and (ii) "The Problem of Russian Literary History" will be given by Professor Ad. Stender-Petersen (Aarhus) at 5 p.m. on March 14 and 17 at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of London, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on "Characteristics of the Middle Classes" will be given by Professor P. de Bie (Louvain) at 5 p.m. on March 7 and 8 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "The Arts at the Court of the Emperor Charles V" will be given by Professor E. K. Waterhouse (Birmingham) at 5.30 p.m. on March 7, 14 and 21 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

LECTURE COURSES—cont. on page 339

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